

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

MARCH, 1914

“Tid’apa”*

(What *Does* It Matter?)

By Gilbert Frankau

TO ONE WHO CRIED.

§ I

Do you know our churchyard at Aden; lone tombs on a
sun-parched plain—
Treeless and flowerless, untended, unkissed of God’s
kindly rain—
Fenced square with a low, green railing, lest the jackal
filch from the priest?
As you drive through Cantonment gateway, look well!
It is all the East!
There’s one tombstone in Aden churchyard, more lone than
its lonely mates,
Whereunder—brown paper only between him and Hell’s
blazing gates—
Lies the body of ‘John James Sanders. Commercial.
Who died at sea.’
From the ‘Corner House’ to Malay Street, runs the trail
of his memory;
From the ‘Spotted Dog,’ to the Yacht Club, there are
stories of ‘Whisky Jim’—
Men’s tales of fierce speers and deep drinking. And yet,
if *they* mention him,

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The women, the loose-gowned women, foregathered at
tiffin-time,
When 'The Street' shews stripped of its tinsel, like
an over-painted mime
In the sickly glare of the noonday—when the beer gleams
amber-gold,
And the charred butts hiss in the saucers where the coffee-
dregs grow cold—
There will always be one who voices the verdict (they
see so clear,
Our outcasts) "*Ach*, Whisky Jimmy, he was gentleman-
born, my dear."

§ II

Like ramparts of jade, in a garden sea-circled of blues
and of greens—
A garden all frangipanni, and moonflowers, and mango-
steens
Wine-red under lustrous foliage where the mating parrots
scream—
Due South from the Great Pagoda, four days of a
favouring steam,
Rise the Ridges of Lallong Island;—jade ramparts, that
beetle down
To the straight white roads, and the palm-trees, and the
beaches of Lallong Town.
Life's lazy for us in Lallong: we are few, far off, on the
fringe
Of the teeming Eastern markets; but ever their trades
impinge
On the sunbright, seasonless sequence of our ordered,
tropic days:
For, westward plying or eastward, black-funnelled, the
liner stays
Her course in our red-buoyed harbour; and ever the mad-
keen men,
Released from the blackened hillsides, from the half-
cleared rubber-fen,
From the red alluvial tin-bank and the *tali-ayer's* flow,
Drift in by the '*kereta sombong*' to drink at the
'M. & O.'

"TID'APA"

Where the white man drinks, there are women. Desire's
paid captives, they come
From the dreary Polish farm-land or the packed Italian
slum,
Weighed, chosen, and shipped like cattle, for a fate that
is no less sure,
In the lamplit passion-shambles where the white bawd
flaunts her lure.
But our prices are low in Lallong, low even for kine as
these;
Cathayan and brown Malayan and the flower-decked
Japanese
Join issue with meat-fed Europe: "Come here. Come
up here, dear," they cry
To the drunkly-waving seaman as his rickshaw-wheels
roll by.
So you'll find but love's refuse and sweepings;—rouged
cheek sliced deep where the blade
Of the husband, betrayed too often, wiped out the charms
that betrayed;
Dull eye, red-rimmed as a vulture's with the wakeful
nights and the wine;
Shrunk arm, pocked, pallid, and pitted by the needle's
anodyne;—
Drink-sodden or drug-sodden, outraged, or cankered
with fouller scourge,
In the white man's own 'white' houses which the white
man dares not purge.

Yet when Jimmy was liquor-crazy, nor the proven risk
nor the dread
Of the ten-fold deadlier peril—fears known, friends ruined,
or dead—
Could hold him back from the women. And that night,
ere the bar-boys slept,
He had shouted for *pahit* and for *stinger* till the hot,
strong bane of them swept
In flame to each brain-cell's tinder. Flesh called, and
all flesh was sweet,
As he kicked up his rickshaw-coolie, and steered him,
blind, for 'The Street.'

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Past the sounds, and the signs, and the singing, and the
high verandah-glows,
Was it Luck, or The Larger Purpose which led him to
Madame Rose?

As the kites watch, waited *die Alte*. Thick-lidded, her
filmed eyes blinked;
She stiffened, her plumage ruffled; she was up ere the
stair-bell clinked,
“*Du Clärchen!*” she summoned. Languid, indifferent,
old to the game,
Raised hands smoothing tresses disordered, the sloven
Austrian came.
“Beer: lashings of beer.” How it bubbled; how the client
rocked as he quaffed.
“Here’s cheero, old thing,” he hiccoughed; “here’s
cheero.” *Die Alte* laughed.
“Drunk—thirty dollars—you get it!” she whispered.
They were alone.
“Come ’n along,” his thick voice slobbered to the wheeze
of the gramophone. . . .
“You vill stay mit me, von’t you, *liebchen?*” (Lust
jettisons love-finesse,
While the wine yet works in the wooed one.) But ere he
might answer ‘Yes,’
To a patter of mounting footsteps and a mutter of oath
from Clare,
The chickstrings trembled and parted . . . and Julie
was there.
French Julie! just home from ‘the pictures’; pink
chiffon scarf on her head;
Dark eyes, bright-clear as a baby’s; flushed cheeks, as a
schoolgirl’s, red
With the pulse of unwonted pleasure. She was pure
grisette; yet a trace—
So soon!—of the man-made hardness was stamped on that
roguish face.
The drunkard eyed her in wonder. “Lord love us, whose
infant is this?
A French kid. Here? And a new one! O darling,
give uncle a kiss.

"TID'APA"

What's that? *Ne comprends pas. Eh bien donc, viens ici m'embrasser, ma mie.*"

(Jim's brand was a seller in Saigon.) Clare frowned, and rose from his knee.

"*Nimmt doch immer die besten Kunden*": hate snarled in the guarded voice:

But the brothel-code was upon her; the law of the client's choice,

Which none may hinder nor question. She had lost. It was Julie's trick.

Her worn shoes scraped on the matting as she sulked through the rustling chick.

.

So much more like a maid than a harlot, demure, unassuming, *petite*—

What, what in the name of the devil, brought Julie to Cinnabar Street?

Had he been *half-sober*, some subtle, some ingrained instinct of right

Would have sounded its voiceless message; but the whole mad man was alight

With the passions that drink had kindled, and fondling fanned to a fire.

And yet, even on drink-doped senses,—dazed eyes, beast-blank with desire,

Saw naught but a houri-vision, white arms, red lips, and the sheen

Where the neck curved warm to the breastline,—the aura of things unseen,

A scarce-breathed, flickering soul-wave, discoded but conscience-deep,

Thrilled weak; as a whispered warning, half-heard and forgotten in sleep.

So weak, yet for Julie—a respite!

A stranger's voice, through the haze,

His own voice came to him. Stumbles and darkness! Sudden, the blaze

Of gas-flares! Coolth!! They were moving. It was all just a blurred dream-ride;

Tossed loin-cloth, dipping and rising to the lope of his coolie's stride;

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Wheels whirring; a rush of faces; and the girl he clasped;
and the gleam
As the lights spun past and behind them. Gay dreams!
But for her—no dream;
Those dank hands seeking her, clutching and fumbling
at bosom and waist;
Those lips that mocked at her struggles, lips bitter as
whisky to taste.
How she loathed these English—the drunkards!

“Do you love me?” Piteous guile,—
Her writhed mouth shrivelled in answer to the wan, dumb
wraith of a smile.
“A peach—but an iced one. *Tid’apa*, he liked them
cold, till. . . .” The wheels
Stopped dead. They were back at Rose’s. He had
climbed the stairs at her heels.

.
Arms pressed on the sill,—deaf and blind to the eddying
pageant below,—
She leaned from the open casement. Mixed octaves, the
ebb and the flow
Of life in ‘the lines,’ beat upwards—boys shouting, a
fragment of song,
Click-scape of dropped shafts on the sidewalk, weird
music, plunk of a gong,
Strings twanging, lewd laughter of women,

“*Faut bien nous coucher, ma chère.*”
. . . . Hardly a sound, but he heard it: “*Mon Dieu, que
la vie est amère.*”
And a great fear fell upon Jimmy; the scarlet of drink
went gray;
For he seemed to catch, in that whisper, the cry of a soul
at bay.
‘There was nothing her form in Lallong . . but he
wasn’t going to stay—
No, not for millions of dollars. . Should he give his
reasons, explain,
Console, or try to? . . Quite hopeless! . What was the
reason?’ His brain

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"I know, though I'm young to the business, men don't treat women like that."

"All rules have exceptions, Julie; and it's nine to four that I'm tight;

But here are your thirty dollars. Don't thank me, kiddie. Good night."

§ III

"Tea, Master." The glued eyes opened. Ah Wong's face grinned at him, blank,

Through the gap in the parted curtains. "Heap late." He cursed him, and drank.

'Blind, blind to the wide.' It *was* shaky, his hand on the dipper-bar,

As the water slopped over, gurgling, from its Ali-baba jar.

There was work that morning—confound it—work, letters and order-sheets:

For mails close, and firms wait indents, in spite of Cinna-bar Streets.

How the slurred keys slipped to the finger! "Ten cases of Number Three,

"Red Seal. To be shipped twice monthly. Cash Glasgow. Net F.O.B.

"Ten cases of Purple Capsule. . . ." To the type-bars' rattle and tap,

The man and the woman in Jimmy fought-over the night's mishap.

'You ought to do something to help her,' cried the voice of his woman-heart;

But the man-mind jeered in rejoinder, 'You fool, she's only a tart.'

Came tiffin. His mail was finished. Legs wide on the strutted chair,

He rested; but might not slumber: for the picture of her, in despair,—

Dark eyes brimming tears, loosened tresses, pale fingers clenched on his sleeve,—

Rose up on the shimmering skyline to banish sleep's craved reprieve.

"TID'APA"

Day waned with his indecision, while he lounged at the
'M. & O.'
Until gray-blue hills in the distance and green-blue waters
below
Grew one in the azure twilight; till the Love-star's
carcanet
Gleamed clear on the hushed horizon where the blent blue
velvets met;
And out from the darkling leafage—ghost-harpies of
hawks long-slain—
Slow-flapping their sable pinions, swept the flying-foxes'
chain. . . .
Should he make an end, and forget her, or go back to
Rose's again?

§ IV

Ere he clambered the creaking staircase, he could hear,
to a ragtime's beat,
Sharp clapping of hands, and laughter, and the scuffle of
moving feet.
Men swarmed that evening at Rose's. Already, the air
was foul
With reek of their smoke. As he entered, a drunkard
flung him a scowl.
A boy, a stranger, was playing. They had rolled back
the dusty rugs,
And were dancing one-steps and two-steps and tangos
and bunny-hugs—
Clare with them. But what of Julie? 'It was over-early
for trade,
Yet with house so full, could it be that——' The
thought stabbed keen as a blade.
"Your vife she go out in de rickshaw. Chust time for
vun leetle smoke,
And vun visky-tansan, Chimmy." How *die Alte* leered
as she spoke!
How he hated her, and her "Chimmy," her leering,
trafficking face,
And the silly songs, and the music, and Clare, and the
whole damn place:

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It was tawdry—to-night he knew it: the unclean daubs
on the wall;
Yon full-fed man in the corner, wine-ripe for a kiss or a
brawl;
The reek, and the reeling couples: Good God, how he
hated it all!
This was Julie's life.' . . . 'Was he barmy, a young-
ster, fresh from his school?'
'Your chippy was always your chippy.' He cursed
himself for a fool.
A pert face peeped from the chickstrings; and a pleased
glance smiled to his own.
But ere he could rise to claim her, as the wild dog leaps
for the bone,
Or the goshawk swoops on the partridge when the huddled
cheepers rise,
The wine-ripe man in the corner had spotted his tender
prize,
Pounced, grappled, but scarcely held her: fists doubled,
eyes murder-red,
"Mine, mine for to-night," flared Jimmy. And the man
saw death there—and fled.
He felt, as his arms went round her, how the young breasts
fluttered and fell.
"My car is waiting."
"Mais, Madame?"
"Die Alte can go to Hell."

§ V

With a sputter, the engines started; the gears clicked
home; and the car
Crawled out from the crowded streetways where the
passion-shambles are:
Crawled out, through the jostling rickshaws, through the
soiled, seethed heart of the town,
Where signs gleamed gold in the flarelights, and the faces,
yellow and brown,
Grinned void in the glare and vanished: crawled free,
took speed and shot on:

"TID'APA"

Purred out from dazzle to darkness; till the last light-
flicker was gone,
Till they were alone with the fireflies, and the soft night
gloom, and the trees,
And the white road swirling past them to the rush of the
upland breeze :
Alone, with his arms about her, and her tired head drooped
on his breast,
As a child, held close by her father, droops playtime-
weary to rest.
And the car purred out past the palm-trees to a dim, green
jungle-plain. . . .
Warm woodlands and wax-white blossoms, dew-kissed of
the evening rain,
Breathed incense, whispering to them, as they strolled to
the culvert-bridge.
Blue-dark against star-strown turquoise, rose the ramparts
of Lallong Ridge;
And high o'er those frowned embrasures, blank-burnishèd,
silver-bright,
Trailed clouds and paled star-beams to guard her, sailed
the waxing orb of the night.
Green-dark to the rampart-bases, save where, like a wild
beast's eye,
One red light glowered and glimmered in the shadow-
tracery,
Stretched jungle. Leaves, palm-fronds rustled; and the
beat of a native drum
Throbbèd bass to the marsh frogs' treble, and the shrilled
cicada-hum.
But the woman was utterly lonely, and she yearned for
the light, bright ways,
For the glitter, the glare, and the glamour of lost Parisian
days;
For the work-room chaff, and the chatter, and the *timbre*
of her mother-tongue,
For the crowds and the known, home faces. It is evil
work to be young,
To be young, and already broken:—they fracture where
true steels bend,
Your weaker, less-tempered alloys. And the man seemed
almost a friend. . . .

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A friend! Were there *friends*, in Lallong? Lust, passion,
hate, she had known;
Not friendship, sympathy. . Coward. . She must fight her
battles alone,
Nor whimper for useless allies. . Yet, could she but voice
it, her pain. .
Why not? He was kind, and a stranger. . She would
never see him again!

It was old, the story she told him, as old as the horse-
leech breed,—
The tale of the lover who promised; the lover, helped in
his need
With money and more than money; the lover whose lips
were a lie;
And the choice of selling her body or watching the starved
babe die.
“But it did die, poor mite. I was heartbroken, crazy. The
shops were slack,
No hat-hands wanted, no dress-hands—Poiret would
have taken me back
In a month, two months. . And my parents? I couldn’t
face mother; she knew
Of my savings, would ask, cross-question. . But what
are my troubles to you?
I’m very mean to be crying when you’ve taken me out
like this,
And been ever so good. Do forgive me. Let’s laugh,
and forget it, and kiss.”
Was it love that woke in you, Jimmy? or pity? or just
the desire
(Just peacock-decency, Jimmy?) of picking a rose from
the mire?
“How long have I been with *die Alte*? Why, it seems
like a century.
How long? Three—four—six weeks to-morrow. Six
weeks, and it’s killing me!
I can’t sleep. Such a heat, and no punkahs. All night,
I can feel my heart
Throb, throbbing away my life-blood.” Speech choked
her.

"TID'APA."

A bullock-cart
Creaked past them, out of the shadows—dark beasts
against moon-bright road,
Lit lanterns a-swing from the palm-tilt, tired driver asleep
on his goad.
"Do you ask what brought me to Lallong? What lures
us all to the East,
You men, and us others, but money? It doesn't pay to
be *triste*,
And they didn't want me, in Paris. One night, at the
Bar Palmyre,
I met a woman, a Yankee. She had been in the East—
not here,
But in China. Such tales, she told me, of the easy life
she had led.
And the prices! One worked for a season, and came
back, dowered, to be wed.
O Mon Dieu, how I wish I were married. I might have
been married, once:
But I didn't love, and I wouldn't. Not love! *Sacré*
nom, what a dunce! . . .
I booked my passage next morning. . . They were all
so nice on the ship,
Doctor, and purser, and captain. I shall never forget
it, that trip;
Port Said with the Arabs coaling, and Aden, so barren,
so sad,
And Colombo, dear green Colombo. . . I wasn't meant
to be bad,
But life isn't simple—for women. . . Then, here: we
stopped for the day;
So I landed; hired me a rickshaw. *Madame* induced me
to stay.
She was up at her window, watching, as we drove through
Cinnabar Street;
She beckoned; we stopped; and I entered. She gave
me to drink and to eat;
She offered me board and lodging, and a half of all I
could earn—
So I fetched my trunks from the steamer. . . and now,
I shall never return.

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There, that's my poor little story : and it's no use crying,
no use;
For I've nothing on earth to console me—not even one
good excuse.”
Charged silence : shy schoolgirl-kisses—just a quiver of
pleading lips
That are so, so weary of passion : and, bright as the rain-
drop drips
From the frangipanni blossom at the turn of our change-
less year,
Pearl-bright under purple eyelids the unshed dew of a
tear.
Vain gods of unbiassed judgment, that we worship when
noon-day's light
Falls pale on your court-room altars,—shall you order
Malaya's night?
He had lived as a man lives, taken all that which a man
may take
From the yielding trees in the garden ; and jeered at the
baffled snake.
Could such common fruit be forbidden? The thought-
train sputtered, and died.
Was it only the one frail sister who wept to-night at his
side,
Or the myriad hopeless others, man's hard-eyed victims
of lust—
Ensnared souls bartered for passion, spoiled bodies
swapped for a crust—
Who raised limp hands to implore him? . . . Or was this
the finger of fate;
Could it be that here was *the woman*, predestined, his
dreamed-of mate?
Tid'apa—the kid was a white girl, alone, in a brown man's
land :
It was up to him, as a white man, to lend her a helping
hand.
“Stop crying, and listen, Julie. If a fellow gave you the
chance
Of getting away from Lallong and starting, afresh, in
France,
Would you take it, Julie? And could you?”
“*Would I take it?* You are a man,

"TID'APA"

Yet you know what our life means at Rose's, the horror
of it, the ban

Between us and your sneering *memsahibs*, the risks we
run, and the mask

We must wear for each drunkard's pleasure. All this,
you know. And you ask

Would I take the chance if I got it!"

"Yes; but could you? How would you live,
Over there, on your own, in Paris? Let's say that I
were to give. . . ."

"You? Give?"

"Yes, give you the money."

Incredulous, wide-eyed, mute;
As a lean cur, thrashed from a puppy by some loutish
master-brute,

Will wince to a stranger's petting; she heard—but belief
was numb

With fear, with the wounds, and the heartache of a youth-
long martyrdom.

"I meant what I said. Are you willing?" He sensed
her grasp it, and thrill.

Dark head jerked free from his shoulder: remote and
suspicion-chill,

Those veiled orbs probed him in judgment, weighed,
wavered; and kindled afresh

With the spark of a hope long-clinkered. Vain hope—for
the leper flesh

Of the harlot may not be cleanséd—and she knew it vain;
yet the high,

Clean joy of it surged and stammered through the banter
of her reply:

"You, you're mad. . . ."

"I'm in deadly earnest, I swear to you. Yes or No?

You must give me your answer, Julie. The money's up.
Will you go?"

Hands locked on her lap, brows crinkled and tense to
the stress of her thought,

Begged maiden you might have deemed her, but never
one of the bought—

Begged maiden with pleading lover. No drum throbbed
now. Not a flower,

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Not a leaf, not a palm-frond rustled. Long since, had the
one red glower
Gone black in the jungle-shadows. Etched sepias and
silver-grays,
Hushed, breezeless, the spent plain languished, a-dream in
the pale moonrays:
Lulled, even the marsh-frog music and the loud cicada-
shrill.

All nature seemed waiting, silent, on the voice of a woman's
will.

"*Ah, mais non, mais non. Tu es gentil.* But this; this
wouldn't be right."

"Then you won't. Why not?"

"Don't be angry. Don't spoil it, my wonder-night!
You, and the peace you have given, Ridge, jungle, the
moon on the plain,

White road, and white bridge where we rested—our
bridge, shall we see it again?—

Let them all be sweet to remember."

"And will nothing alter your mind?"

"No. Nothing!"

"You give no reasons. ."

"Please, dear—you've been ever so kind.
And I'm grateful, you know I am grateful—don't ask
me again! It's so late.

Will you drive me home by the shore-road. *J'adore ça.*
Rest—and the great,

Deep hush of the cool sea-spaces. ."

Child-limbs,—that were once so fleet,
As you tripped down the work-room stair-case, skirts
flying, eager, to meet

The lover who waited nightly,—you are tired, you can
scarcely crawl

As far as those gleaming car-lights! . . . Does He watch
when these sparrows fall?

§ VI

Have you pined on some world-end foreshore when the
sea-lanes call you home? . . .

Dulled sapphire, moonstone and gold-stone, in a faint
fringe-setting of foam,

"TID'APA"

Pearl-white 'gainst the darkling lustre at the black-pearl
plinths of the capes,
The bay gleamed jewelled to the skyline. Mast-high o'er
the shadow-shapes
Of the shadow-ships at anchor, poised brilliants, the
riding lights. . . .
Safe ships of a dream! whither sailing?
As the uncaged homer flights,
The swift, winged woman-spirit shook free, flashed pinion,
and flew
To the call of the pleasure-city. It is there, just there
where the blue
Black, flawless, shimmering sky-vault, star-spangled, fire-
opaline,
Dips sheer to her prison sea-rim. She can see it. Glad
arc-lamps shine
On the washed, gray glass of its roadways; she can hear
the clop of the hooves,
And the purr of the *taxi-autos*: she is one with the crowd
that moves,
Refluent, laughter-loving, through the nights that are
almost days,
Down the mile-long tree-girt boulevards. . Night ebbs
to the chill dawn-haze,—
Yet she does not flinch from the daylight, nor fear for the
unclean thing,—
She is young; he loves her; *c'est Paris*; new lilac purples
to Spring;
They have only this instant parted; waked swallows
twitter and fly,
As she leans from her creepered casement to wave him a
last good-bye. . . .
Had the man no share in her vision? Had he not yearned
with the ache
Of the days we have put behind us, self-exile we dare
not break?
"Go back, while the way's yet open." Hands touched
her, the home-spell broke;
The dream-scene flickered and vanished. Her lorn soul
shuddered; awoke.
"Go back."

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"Don't tempt me!" she whispered. (Oh, the nightmare
æons ahead!)

"Yet you loathe it, this life of . . ."

"Loathe it? I would ten times rather be dead.
But to take your money, deprive *you* of little things that
you want
So that *I* can. . . "

"What nonsense, Julie!"

"No, I just can't take it, I can't."

"But . . ."

"It isn't as if you were rich, dear; *die Alte* told me,
she knows.
And I'm such a fool about money. . That's why I'm
here, I suppose. .
It was only the other Sunday, Clare had to settle my
fee
With a client who . . . Christ Almighty, is there *no*
shame left in me?"

Star-shine, and shadow, and sea-shine—man's world,
beyond all belief
Exquisite! . . Man's own tortures, despair unending,
the grief
Of one sobless woman-atom, racked, conscience-stricken,
adrift!

"You *must* take this money, Julie. We'll call it a loan,
not a gift—
A loan to be paid at your leisure."

The full home-vision was gone,
But her gaze still lingered seaward where the beckoning
mastlights shone,
And her soul still fluttered for freedom.

"The money is mine to lend,
Though *Madame* does think me a pauper. To borrow,
once, from a friend—
Is that such an awful crime, child?"

"You will trust me, knowing me bad—
A prostitute?"

"Trust you? Always! If you only guessed just how glad
It would make me to know I had helped you. When I
think of my own career,
Of the chances I've had—yes—and wasted; and of you
with no chance. . . . Oh, my dear,

"TID'APA"

Don't be foolish; life isn't just money. . . ."
He could scarcely hear it, her low
"As long as I live, I shall bless you. You have my
promise. I'll go."

§ VII

And what is the end of my story? Midsummer? the long,
straight street
Of some French provincial township, green-shuttered
'gainst noonday's heat?
And a stranger, an English stranger? and a *gamin* pointing
the way
To the hat-shop of Mam's'lle Julie in the Rue Quatorze
Juillet?
And a cry of "*C'est toi donc, Jimmy*," from a girl in a
plain, print dress,
Who has fought her battle, and conquered, and waited in
faithfulness,
For the man that can scarce believe her the pale, frail
woman he knew?
And my lovers at last united in their city of dreams-come-
true? . . .
. . . But our dreams come true so seldom—to the drifting
souls and the weak,
Never!
What *does* it matter?
Let us hide this thing from our sleek,
Incurious marrying-women. Let us feed them some half-
proved tale
Of an Army Officer's daughter, trapped, bound, and offered
for sale.
Then let them read in our news-rags (*real* pimps, that
pander to cash!)
How we stamped out a phantom traffic with our threats
of a phantom lash.
We are stern, we are moral, and righteous, and . . . skilful
at saving our face
With cruelty-clauses, and health-lies, and this 'safety-valve
of the race'—

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Our Clares and our tortured Julies. 'They are daughters
of Ishmael:

'They are hardened, forsaken of Heaven.' Is there any
torment in Hell,

That *hardens*? Are virgins 'hardened'? Ere we gave
them the Judas-kiss,

These were virgins we starved or made love us. We have
crucified them for this! . . .

Tid'apa, it's only a story.

On a labouring, creaking ship,
As she stumbles from Guardafui through the cross-wise
roll and the dip

Of the South monsoon's tail-fury; in the hospital-cabin,
abaft,

Propped patient and weary doctor. Caged fanblades
shrill, as they waft

The damp, hot, sea-staled airgusts to the man who must
fight each breath.

He has hoisted on livid cheekbones the grim, blue Peter
of death.

Ice drips from those bandaged temples. Twitched fingers
fumble and grope,

Smoke-brown, on the wrinkled sheeting. There is neither
solace nor hope

Nor peace in this lime-washed death-trap. Loud bottles
jar in the rack,

Tilt, clink as she rolls to leeward, right, clink as she
lurches back,

Tilt, clink again as she pitches. The bunk-springs jiggle
and grate.

A door-catch raps on the woodwork. From a strained
expansion-plate,

Groans answer to wave-thud's tremor on the sodden hatch-
ways below.

Cramp-crouched on his rocking camp-chair, tired-eyed in
the bed-lamp's glow,—

Two days and two nights has he vigiled—the doctor dozes
and blinks.

'How long can the heart-valves stand it? his system's
rotten with drinks:

And *diplococcus pneumoniae*. . . .'

"TID'APA"

A sudden tremor! A start!
Bolt upright, eyes staring, arms rigid, slack blued lips
trembling apart,
The patient struggles for utterance.

"Ah Wong, Ah Wong, what time train? . . .
Blue sketch-plans—one of them's missing—not I, Sir
Edward. . . . Rain, rain,
And the rain's all blood, Julie's life-blood—I must leave
Lallong to-night—
You'll see to her, won't you, padre?—I'll post the cash
when you write. . . .
James Sanders—that's from the parson—my name's not
Sanders, you know,
It's . . . Curse her, she *won't*—won't chuck it—she
promised, promised to go—
My Julie, still there, in that hell-shop. . . . White
rabbits—the pit's all slime—
No ropes—they're climbing and climbing, but the pit-
walls slide as they climb—
Down, down, down—look, bodies, twitching—black
shapes, black shapes in the flame—
The snakes, the snakes! . . ."
Gasping silence. Arms crumble. Tottering frame
Rocks; sways; recovers; collapses. "You will bless—you
promise me. Lies! . . ."
"No hope when they've once gone under."
Death glazes those staring eyes.

The World Set Free

A Story of Mankind

By H. G. Wells

CHAPTER THE SECOND

THE LAST WAR

§ 9.

MORNING found Barnet still afloat. The bows of his barge had been badly strained, and his men were pumping or baling in relays. He got about a dozen half-drowned people aboard whose boat had capsized near him, and he had three other boats in tow. He was afloat, and somewhere between Amsterdam and Alkmaar, but he could not tell where. It was a day that was still half night. Grey waters stretched in every direction under a dark grey sky, and out of the waves rose the upper part of houses, in many cases ruined, the tops of trees, windmills, in fact the upper third of all the familiar Dutch scenery, and on it there drifted a dimly seen flotilla of barges, small boats, many overturned, furniture, rafts, timbering, and miscellaneous objects.

The drowned were under water that morning. Only here and there did a dead cow or a stiff figure still clinging stoutly to a box or chair or such-like buoy hint at the hidden massacre. It was not till the Thursday that the dead came to the surface in any quantity. The view was bounded on every side by a grey mist that closed overhead in a grey canopy. The air cleared in the afternoon, and then, far away to the west under great banks of steam and dust, the flaming red eruption of the atomic bombs became visible across the waste of water.

They showed flat and sullen through the mist, like London sunsets. "They sat upon the sea," says Barnet, "like frayed-out water-lilies of flame."

Barnet seems to have spent the morning in rescue work along the track of the canal, in helping people who were

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adrift, in picking up derelict boats, and in taking people out of imperilled houses. He found other military barges similarly employed, and it was only as the day wore on and the immediate appeals for aid were satisfied that he thought of food and drink for his men and what course he had better pursue. They had a little cheese, but no water. "Orders," that mysterious direction, had at last altogether disappeared. He perceived he had now to act upon his own responsibility.

"One's sense was of a destruction so far-reaching and of a world so altered that it seemed foolish to go in any direction and expect to find things as they had been before the war began. I sat on the quarterdeck with Mylius, my engineer, and Kemp and two others of the non-commissioned officers, and we consulted upon our line of action. We were foodless and aimless. We agreed that our fighting value was extremely small and that our first duty was to get ourselves in touch with food and instructions again. Whatever plan of campaign had directed our movements was manifestly smashed to bits. Mylius was of opinion that we could take a line westward and get back to England across the North Sea. He calculated that with such a motor barge as ours it would be possible to reach the Yorkshire coast within four-and-twenty hours. But this idea I overruled because of the shortness of our provisions, and more particularly because of our urgent need of water.

"Every boat we drew near now hailed us for water, and their demands did much to exasperate our thirst. I decided that if we went away to the south we should reach hilly country, or at least country that was not submerged, and then we should be able to land, find some stream, drink, and get supplies and news. Many of the barges adrift in the haze about us were filled with British soldiers and had floated up from the Nord See Canal, but none of them were any better informed than ourselves of the course of events. 'Orders' had, in fact, vanished out of the sky."

'Orders' made a temporary reappearance late that evening in the form of a megaphone hail from a British torpedo boat, announcing a truce, and giving the welcome information that food and water were being hurried down the Rhine and were to be found on the barge flotilla lying over the Old Rhine above Leiden. . . .

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We will not follow Barnet, however, in the description of his strange overland voyage among trees and houses and churches by Zaandam and between Haarlem and Amsterdam, to Leiden. It was a voyage in a red-lit mist, in a world of steamy silhouette, full of strange voices and perplexity and with every other sensation dominated by a feverish thirst. "We sat," he says, "in a little huddled group, saying very little, and the men forward were mere knots of silent endurance. Our only continuing sound was the persistent mewling of a cat one of the men had rescued from a floating hayrick near Zaandam. We kept a southward course by a watch-chain compass Mylius had produced. . . .

"I do not think any of us felt we belonged to a defeated army, nor had we any strong sense of the war as the dominating fact about us. Our mental setting had far more of the effect of a huge natural catastrophe. The atomic bomb had dwarfed the international issues to complete insignificance. When our minds wandered from the preoccupations of our immediate needs, we speculated upon the possibility of stopping the use of these frightful explosives before the world was utterly destroyed. For to us it seemed quite plain that these bombs and the still greater power of destruction of which they were the precursors might quite easily shatter every relationship and institution of mankind.

" 'What will they be doing,' asked Mylius, 'what will they be doing? It's plain we've got to put an end to war. It's plain things have to be run some other way. *This*—all this—is impossible.'

"I made no immediate answer. Something—I cannot think what—had brought back to me the figure of that man I had seen wounded on the very first day of actual fighting. I saw again his angry, tearful eyes and that poor, dripping, bloody mess that had been a skilful human hand five minutes before, thrust out in indignant protest. 'Damned foolery!' he had stormed and sobbed, 'damned foolery! My right hand, sir! My *right* hand!'

"My faith had for a time gone altogether out of me. 'I think we are too—too silly,' I said to Mylius, 'ever to stop war. If we'd had the sense to do it, we should have done it before this. I think this'—and I pointed to the

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gaunt outline of a smashed windmill that stuck up, ridiculous and ugly, above the blood-lit waves—'this is the end.'"

§ 10.

But now our history must part company with Frederick Barnet and his barge-load of hungry and starving men.

For a time in western Europe at least it was indeed as if civilisation had come to a final collapse. These crowning buds upon the tradition that Napoleon planted and Bismarck watered opened and flared "like water-lilies of flame" over nations destroyed, over churches smashed or submerged, towns ruined, fields lost to mankind for ever, and a million weltering bodies. Was this lesson enough for mankind, or would the flames of war still burn amidst the ruins?

Neither Barnet nor his companions, it is clear, had any assurance in their answers to that question. Already once in the history of mankind, in America, before its discovery by the whites, an organised civilisation had given way to a mere cult of warfare, specialised and cruel, and it seemed for a time to many a thoughtful man as if the whole world was but to repeat on a larger scale this ascendancy of the warrior, this triumph of the destructive instincts of the race.

The subsequent chapters of Barnet's narrative do but supply body to this tragic possibility. He gives a series of vignettes of civilisation shattered, it seemed, almost irreparably. He found the Belgian hills swarming with refugees and desolated by cholera; the vestiges of the contending armies keeping order under a truce,—without actual battles, but with the cautious hostility of habit, and a great absence of plan everywhere.

Overhead aeroplanes went on mysterious errands, and there were rumours of cannibalism and hysterical fanaticisms in the valleys of the Semoy and the forest region of the eastern Ardennes. There was the report of an attack upon Russia by the Chinese and Japanese, and of some huge revolutionary outbreak in America. The weather was stormier than men had ever known it in those regions, with much thunder and lightning and wild cloud-bursts of rain. . . .

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CHAPTER THE THIRD.

THE ENDING OF WAR.

§ I.

On the mountain side above the town of Brissago and commanding two long stretches of Lake Maggiore, looking eastward to Bellinzona and southward to Luino, there is a shelf of grass meadows which is very beautiful in spring-time with a great multitude of wild flowers. More particularly is this so in early June, when the slender asphodel, St. Bruno's lily, with its spike of white blossom, is in flower. To the westward of this delightful shelf there is a deep and densely wooded trench, a great gulf of blue some mile or so in width, out of which arise great precipices very high and wild. Above the asphodel fields the mountains climb in rocky slopes to solitudes of stone and sunlight that curve round and join that wall of cliffs in one common skyline. This desolate and austere background contrasts very vividly with the glowing serenity of the great lake below, with the spacious view of fertile hills and roads and villages, and islands to south and east, and with the hotly golden rice flats of the Val Maggia to the north.

And because it was a remote and insignificant place, far away out of the crowding tragedies of that year of disaster, away from burning cities and starving multitudes, bracing and tranquillising and hidden, it was here that there gathered the conference of rulers that was to arrest, if possible, before it was too late, the *débâcle* of civilisation. Here, brought together by the indefatigable energy of that impassioned humanitarian, Leblanc, the French ambassador at Washington, the chief Powers of the world were to meet in a last desperate conference to "save humanity."

Leblanc was one of those ingenuous men whose lot would have been insignificance in any period of security, but who have been caught up to an immortal *rôle* in history by the sudden simplification of human affairs through some tragical crisis to the measure of their simplicity. Such a man was Abraham Lincoln and such was Garibaldi. And Leblanc, with his transparent childish innocence, his entire self-forgetfulness, came into this confusion of distrust and

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intricate disaster with an invincible appeal for the manifest sanities of the situation. His voice when he spoke was "full of remonstrance." He was a little, bald, spectacled man, inspired by that intellectual idealism which has been one of the peculiar gifts of France to humanity. He was possessed of one clear persuasion, that war must end and that the only way to end war was to have but one government for mankind. He brushed aside all other considerations. At the very outbreak of the war, so soon as the two capitals of the belligerents had been wrecked, he went to the President in the White House with this proposal. He made it as if it was a matter of course. He was fortunate to be in Washington and in touch with that gigantic childishness which was the characteristic of the American imagination. For the Americans also were among the simple peoples by whom the world was saved. He won over the American President and the American Government to his general ideas; at any rate, they supported him sufficiently to give him a standing with the more sceptical European Governments, and with this backing he set to work—it seemed the most fantastic of enterprises—to bring together all the rulers of the world and unify them. He wrote innumerable letters, he sent messages, he went desperate journeys, he enlisted whatever support he could find; no one was too humble for an ally or too obstinate for his advances; through the terrible autumn of the last wars this persistent little visionary in spectacles must have seemed rather like a hopeful canary twittering during a thunderstorm. And no accumulation of disasters daunted his conviction that they could be ended.

For the whole world was flaring then into a monstrous phase of destruction. Power after power about the armed globe sought to anticipate attack by aggression. They went to war in a delirium of panic, in order to use their bombs first. China and Japan had assailed Russia and destroyed Moscow, the United States had attacked Japan, India was in anarchistic revolt with Delhi a pit of fire spouting death and flame; the redoubtable King of the Balkans was mobilising. It must have seemed plain at last to everyone in those days that the world was slipping headlong to anarchy. By the spring of 1959 from nearly two hundred centres, and every week added to their

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number, roared the unquenchable crimson conflagrations of the atomic bombs, the flimsy fabric of the world's credit had vanished, industry was completely disorganised, and every city, every thickly populated area was starving or trembled on the verge of starvation. Most of the capital cities of the world were burning; millions of people had already perished, and over great areas government was at an end. Humanity has been compared by one contemporary writer to a sleeper who handles matches in his sleep and wakes to find himself in flames.

For many months it was an open question whether there was to be found throughout all the race the will and intelligence to face these new conditions and make even an attempt to arrest the downfall of the social order. For a time the war spirit defeated every effort to rally the forces of preservation and construction. Leblanc seemed to be protesting against earthquakes and as likely to find a spirit of reason in the crater of Etna. Even though the shattered official Governments now clamoured for peace, bands of irreconcilables and invincible patriots, usurpers, adventurers and political desperadoes were everywhere in possession of the simple apparatus for the disengagement of atomic energy and the initiation of new centres of destruction. The stuff exercised an irresistible fascination upon a certain type of mind. Why should anyone give in while he can still destroy his enemies? Surrender? While there is still a chance of blowing them to dust? The power of destruction which had once been the ultimate privilege of government was now the only power left in the world—and it was everywhere. There were few thoughtful men during that phase of blazing waste who did not pass through such moods of despair as Barnett describes, and declare with him: "This is the end. . . ."

And all the while Leblanc was going to and fro with glittering glasses and an inexhaustible persuasiveness, urging the manifest reasonableness of his view upon ears that ceased presently to be inattentive. Never at any time did he betray a doubt that all this chaotic conflict would end. No nurse during a nursery uproar was ever so certain of the inevitable ultimate peace. From being treated as an amiable dreamer he came by insensible degrees to be regarded as an extravagant possibility. Then he began

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to seem even practicable. The people who listened to him in 1958 with a smiling impatience, were eager before 1959 was four months old to know just exactly what he thought might be done. He answered with the patience of a philosopher and the lucidity of a Frenchman. He began to receive responses of a more and more hopeful type. He came across the Atlantic to Italy, and there he gathered in the promises for this congress. He chose those high meadows above Brissago for the reasons we have stated. "We must get away," he said, "from old associations." He set to work requisitioning material for his conference with an assurance that was justified by the replies. With a slight incredulity, the conference which was to begin a new order in the world gathered itself together. Leblanc summoned it without arrogance; he controlled it by virtue of an infinite humility. Men appeared upon those upland slopes with the apparatus for wireless telegraphy; others followed with tents and provisions; a little cable was flung down to a convenient point upon the Locarno road below. Leblanc arrived, sedulously directing every detail that would affect the tone of the assembly. He might have been a courier in advance rather than the originator of the gathering. And then there arrived, some by the cable, most by aeroplane, a few in other fashions, the men who had been called together to confer upon the state of the world. It was to be a conference without a name. Nine monarchs, the presidents of four Republics, a number of ministers and ambassadors, powerful journalists, and such-like prominent and influential men took part in it. There were even scientific men; and that world-famous old man Holsten came with the others to contribute his amateur statecraft to the desperate problem of the age. Only Leblanc would have dared so to summon figure-heads and powers and intelligences or have had the courage to hope for their agreement. . . .

§ 2.

And one at least of those who were called to this conference of Governments came to it on foot. This was King Egbert, the young king of the most venerable kingdom in Europe. He was a rebel and had always been of deliberate choice a rebel against the magnificence of his

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position. He affected long pedestrian tours and a disposition to sleep in the open air. He came now over the Pass of Sta. Maria Maggiore and by boat up the lake to Brissago; thence he walked up the mountain, a pleasant path set with oaks and sweet chestnut. For provision on the walk, for he did not want to hurry, he carried with him a pocketful of bread and cheese. A certain small retinue that was necessary for his comfort and dignity upon occasions of state he sent on by the cable car, and with him walked his private secretary, Firmin, a man who had thrown up the Professorship of World Politics in the London School of Sociology, Economics and Political Science, to take up these duties. Firmin was a man of strong rather than rapid thought, he had anticipated great influence in this new position, and after some years he was still only beginning to apprehend how largely his function was to listen. Originally he had been something of a thinker upon international politics, an authority upon tariffs and strategy, and a valued contributor to various of the higher organs of public opinion, but the atomic bombs had taken him by surprise and he had still to recover completely from his pre-atomic opinions and the silencing effect of those sustained explosives.

The king's freedom from the trammels of etiquette was very complete. In theory—and he abounded in theory—his manners were purely democratic. It was by sheer habit and inadvertency that he permitted Firmin, who had discovered a rucksack in a small shop in the town below, to carry both bottles of beer. The king had never, as a matter of fact, carried anything for himself in his life, and he had never noted that he did not do so.

"We will have nobody with us," he said, "at all. We will be perfectly simple."

So Firmin carried the beer.

As they walked up—it was the king who made the pace rather than Firmin—they talked of the conference before them, and Firmin, with a certain want of assurance that would have surprised him in himself in the days of his Professorship, sought to define the policy of his companion. "In its broader form, Sir," said Firmin, "I admit a certain plausibility in this project of Leblanc's, but I feel that although it may be advisable to set up some sort of general

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control of international affairs—a sort of Hague Court with extended powers—that is no reason whatever for losing sight of the principles of national and imperial autonomy.”

“Firmin,” said the king, “I am going to set my brother kings a good example.”

Firmin intimated a curiosity that veiled a dread.

“By chucking all that nonsense,” said the king.

He quickened his pace as Firmin, who was already a little out of breath, betrayed a disposition to reply.

“I am going to chuck all that nonsense,” said the king as Firmin prepared to speak. “I am going to fling my royalty and empire on the table—and declare at once I don’t mean to haggle. It’s haggling—about rights—has been the devil in human affairs, for—always. I am going to stop this nonsense.”

Firmin halted abruptly. “But, Sir!” he cried.

The king stopped six yards ahead of him and looked back at his adviser’s perspiring visage.

“Do you really think, Firmin, that I am here as—as an infernal politician to put my crown and my flag and my claims and so forth in the way of peace? That little Frenchman is right. You know he is right as well as I do. Those things are over. We—we kings and rulers and representatives have been at the very heart of the mischief. Of course, we imply separation, and of course separation means the threat of war, and of course the threat of war means the accumulation of more and more atomic bombs. The old game’s up. But, I say, we mustn’t stand here, you know. The world waits. Don’t you think the old game’s up, Firmin?”

Firmin adjusted a strap, passed a hand over his wet forehead and followed earnestly. “I admit, Sir,” he said, to a receding back, “that there has to be some sort of hegemony, some sort of Amphictyonic council——”

“There’s got to be one simple government for all the world,” said the king over his shoulder.

“But as for a reckless, unqualified abandonment, Sir——”

“*Bang!*” cried the king.

Firmin made no answer to this interruption. But a faint shadow of annoyance passed across his heated features.

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"Yesterday," said the king by way of explanation, "the Japanese very nearly got San Francisco."

"I hadn't heard, Sir."

"The Americans ran the Japanese aeroplane down into the sea, and there the bomb got busted."

"Under the sea, Sir?"

"Yes. Submarine volcano. The steam is in sight of the Californian coast. It was as near as that. And with things like this happening, you want me to go up this hill and haggle. Consider the effect of that upon my imperial cousin—and all the others!"

"*He* will haggle, Sir."

"Not a bit of it," said the king.

"But, Sir."

"Leblanc won't let him."

Firmin halted abruptly and gave a vicious pull at the offending strap. "Sir, he will listen to his advisers," he said, in a tone that in some subtle way seemed to implicate his master with the trouble of the knapsack.

The king considered him.

"We will go just a little higher," he said. "I want to find this unoccupied village they spoke of, and then we will drink that beer. It can't be far. We will drink the beer and throw away the bottles. And then, Firmin, I shall ask you to look at things in a more generous light. . . . Because, you know, you must. . . ."

He turned about and for some time the only sound they made was the noise of their boots upon the loose stones of the way and the irregular breathing of Firmin.

At length, as it seemed to Firmin, or quite soon, as it seemed to the king, the gradient of the path diminished, the way widened out and they found themselves in a very beautiful place indeed. It was one of those upland clusters of sheds and houses that are still to be found in the mountains of North Italy, that were used only in the high summer, and which it was the custom to leave locked up and deserted through all the winter and spring and up to the middle of June. The buildings were of a soft-toned grey stone, buried in rich green grass, shadowed by chestnut trees and lit by an extraordinary blaze of yellow broom. Never had the king seen broom so glorious; he shouted at the light of it, for it seemed to give out more sunlight

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even than it received; he sat down impulsively on a lichenous stone, tugged out his bread and cheese, and bade Firmin thrust the beer into the shaded weeds to cool.

"The things people miss, Firmin," he said, "who go up into the air in ships!"

Firmin looked around him with an ungenial eye. "You see it at its best, Sir," he said, "before the peasants come here again and make it filthy."

"It would be beautiful anyhow," said the king.

"Superficially, Sir," said Firmin. "But it stands for a social order that is fast vanishing away. Indeed, judging by the grass between the stones and in the huts, I am inclined to doubt if it is in use even now."

"I suppose," said the king, "they would come up immediately the hay on this flower meadow is cut. It would be those slow, creamy-coloured beasts, I expect, one sees on the roads below and swarthy girls with red handkerchiefs over their black hair. . . . It is wonderful to think how long that beautiful old life lasted. In the Roman times and long ages before ever the rumour of the Romans had come into these parts, men drove their cattle up into these places as the summer came on. . . . How haunted is this place! There have been quarrels here, hopes, children have played here and lived to be old crones and old gaffers and died, and so it has gone on for thousands of lives. Lovers, innumerable lovers have caressed amidst this golden broom. . . ."

He meditated over a busy mouthful of bread and cheese.

"We ought to have brought a tankard for that beer," he said.

Firmin produced a folding aluminium cup and the king was pleased to drink.

"I wish, Sir," said Firmin suddenly, "I could induce you at least to delay your decision."

"It's no good talking, Firmin," said the king. "My mind's as clear as daylight."

"Sire," protested Firmin, with his voice full of bread and cheese and genuine emotion, "have you no respect for your kingship?"

The king paused before he answered with unwonted gravity: "It's just because I have, Firmin, that I won't be a puppet in this game of international politics." He re-

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garded his companion for a moment and then remarked :

"Kingship!—what do *you* know of kingship, Firmin?"

"Yes," cried the king to his astonished counsellor. "For the first time in my life I am going to be a king. I am going to lead and lead by my own authority. For a dozen generations my family has been a set of dummies in the hands of their advisers. Now I am going to be a real king—and I am going to—to abolish, dispose of, finish, the crown to which I have been a slave. But what a world of paralysing shams this roaring stuff has ended! The rigid old world is in the melting pot again, and I, who seemed to be no more than the stuffing inside a regal robe, I am a king among kings. I have to play my part at the head of things and put an end to blood and fire and idiot disorder."

"But, Sir," protested Firmin.

"This man Leblanc is right. The whole world has got to be a Republic, one and indivisible. You know that, and my duty is to make that easy. A king should lead his people; you want me to stick on to their backs like some Old Man of the Sea. To-day must be a sacrament of kings. Our trust for mankind is done with and ended. We must part our robes among them, we must part our kingship among them and say to them all, Now the king in everyone must rule the world. . . . Have you no sense of the magnificence of this occasion? You want me, Firmin, you want me to go up there and haggle like a damned little solicitor for some price, some compensation, some qualification. . . ."

Firmin shrugged his shoulders and assumed an expression of despair. Meanwhile, he conveyed, one must eat.

For a time neither spoke, and the king ate and turned over in his mind the phrases of the speech he intended to make to the conference. By virtue of the antiquity of his crown he was to preside, and he intended to make his presidency memorable. Reassured of his eloquence, he considered the despondent and sulky Firmin for a space.

"Firmin," he said, "you have idealised kingship."

"It has been my dream, Sir," said Firmin sorrowfully, "to serve."

"At the levers, Firmin," said the king.

"You are pleased to be unjust," said Firmin, deeply hurt.

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"I am pleased to be getting out of it," said the king.

"Oh, Firmin," he went on, "have you no thought for me? Will you never realise that I am not only flesh and blood, but an imagination—with its rights? I am a king in revolt against that fetter they put upon my head. I am a king awake. My reverend grandparents never in all their august lives had a waking moment. They loved the job that you, you advisers, gave them; they never had a doubt of it. It was like giving a doll to a woman who ought to have a child. They delighted in processions and opening things, and being read addresses to, and visiting triplets and nonagenarians, and all that sort of thing. Incredibly. They used to keep albums of cuttings from all the illustrated papers showing them at it, and if the press-cutting parcels grew thin they were worried. It was all that ever worried them. But there is something atavistic in me; I hark back to unconstitutional monarchs. They christened me too retrogressively, I think. I wanted to get things done. I was bored. I might have fallen into vice; most intelligent and energetic princes do, but the palace precautions were unusually thorough. I was brought up in the purest court the world has ever seen. . . . Alertly pure. . . . So I read books, Firmin, and went about asking questions. The thing was bound to happen to one of us sooner or later. Perhaps, too, very likely I'm not vicious. I don't think I am."

He reflected. "No," he said.

Firmin cleared his throat. "I don't think you are, Sir," he said. "You prefer——"

He stopped short. He had been going to say, "talking." He substituted "ideas."

"That world of royalty!" the king went on. "In a little while no one will understand it any more. It will become a riddle. . . ."

"Among other things, it was a world of perpetual best clothes. Everything was in its best clothes for us and usually wearing bunting. With a cinema watching to see we took it properly. If you are a king, Firmin, and you go and look at a regiment, it instantly stops whatever it is doing, changes into full uniform and presents arms. When my august parents went in a train the coal in the tender used to be whitened. It did, Firmin, and if coal had been white instead of black, I have no doubt the

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authorities would have blackened it. That was the spirit of our treatment. People were always walking about with their faces to us. One never saw anything in profile. One got an impression of a world that was insanely focussed on ourselves. And when I began to poke my little questions into the Lord Chancellor and the Archbishop and all the rest of them, about what I should see if people turned round, the general effect I produced was that I wasn't by any means displaying the Royal Tact they had expected of me. . . ."

He meditated for a time.

"And yet, you know, there is something in the kingship, Firmin. It stiffened up my august little grandfather; it gave my grandmother a kind of awkward dignity, even when she was cross—and she was very often cross. They both had a profound sense of responsibility. My poor father's health was wretched during his brief career; nobody outside the circle knows just how he screwed himself up to things. 'My people expect it,' he used to say of this tiresome duty or that. Most of the things they made him do were silly,—it was part of a bad tradition, but there was nothing silly in the way he set about them. . . . The spirit of kingship is a fine thing, Firmin; I feel it in my bones; I do not know what I might not be if I were not a king. I could die for my people, Firmin, and you couldn't. No,—don't say you could die for me, because I know better. Don't think I forget my kingship, Firmin, don't imagine that. I am a king, a kingly king, by right divine. The fact that I am also a chattering young man makes not the slightest difference to that. But the proper text-book for kings, Firmin, is none of the Court memoirs and Welt-Politik books you would have me read; it is old Frazer's *Golden Bough*. Have you read that, Firmin?"

Firmin had.

"Those were the authentic kings. In the end they were cut up and a bit given to everybody. They sprinkled the nations—with kingship."

Firmin turned himself round and faced his royal master.

"What do you intend to do, Sir," he asked. "If you will not listen to me. What do you propose to do this afternoon?"

The king flicked crumbs from his coat.

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"Manifestly war has to stop for ever, Firmin. Manifestly this can only be done by putting all the world under one government. Our crowns and flags are in the way. Manifestly they must go."

"Yes, Sir," interrupted Firmin, "but *what* government? I don't see what government you get by a universal abdication!"

"Well," said the king with his hands about his knees, "*We* shall be the government."

"The conference?" exclaimed Firmin.

"Who else?" asked the king, simply.

"It's perfectly simple," he added to Firmin's tremendous silence.

"But," cried Firmin, "you must have sanctions! Will there be no form of election, for example?"

"Why should there be?" asked the king with intelligent curiosity.

"The consent of the governed."

"Firmin, we are just going to lay down our differences and take over government. Without any election at all. Without any sanction. The governed will show their consent by silence. If any effective opposition arises, we shall ask it to come in and help. The true sanction of kingship is the grip upon the sceptre. We aren't going to worry people to vote for us. I'm certain that the mass of men does not want to be bothered with such things. . . . We'll contrive a way for anyone interested to join in. That's quite enough in the way of democracy. Perhaps later—when things don't matter. . . . We shall govern all right, Firmin. Government only becomes difficult when the lawyers get hold of it, and since these troubles began the lawyers are shy. Indeed, come to think of it, I wonder where all the lawyers are. . . . Where are they? A lot, of course, were bagged, some of the worst ones, when they blew up my legislature. You never knew the late Lord Chancellor. . . .

"Necessities bury rights. Lawyers live on rights. . . . We've done with that way of living. We won't have more law than a code can cover, and beyond that government will be free. . . .

"Before the sun sets to-day, Firmin, trust me, we shall have made our abdications, all of us, and declared the World

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Republic, supreme and indivisible. I wonder what my august grandmother would have made of it! All my rights! . . . And then we shall go on governing. What else is there to do? All over the world we shall declare that there is no longer mine or thine, but ours. China, the United States, two-thirds of Europe, will certainly fall in and obey. They will have to do so. What else can they do? Their official rulers are here with us. They won't be able to get together any sort of idea of not obeying us. . . . Then we shall declare that every sort of property is held in trust for the Republic. . . ."

"But, Sir!" cried Firmin, suddenly enlightened. "Has this been arranged already?"

"My dear Firmin, do you think we have come here, all of us, to talk at large? The talking has been done for half a century. Talking and writing. We are here to set the new thing, the simple, obvious, necessary thing, going."

He stood up.

Firmin, forgetting the habits of a score of years, remained seated.

"*Well*," he said at last. "And I have known nothing!"

The king smiled very cheerfully. He liked these talks with Firmin.

§ 3.

That conference upon the Brissago meadows was one of the most heterogeneous collections of prominent people that has ever met together. Principalities and powers, stripped and shattered until all their pride and mystery were gone, met in a marvellous new humility. Here were kings and emperors whose capitals were lakes of flaming destruction, statesmen whose countries had become chaos, scared politicians and financial potentates. Here were leaders of thought and learned investigators dragged reluctantly to the control of affairs. Altogether there were ninety-three of them, Leblanc's conception of the head men of the world. They had all come to the realisation of the simple truths that the indefatigable Leblanc had hammered into them; and, drawing his resources from the King of Italy, he had provisioned his conference with a generous simplicity quite in accordance with the rest of his character, and so at last was able to make his astonishing and entirely

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rational appeal. He had appointed King Egbert the president; he believed in this young man so firmly that he completely dominated him, and he spoke himself as a secretary might speak from the president's left hand, and evidently did not realise himself that he was telling them all exactly what they had to do. He imagined he was merely recapitulating the obvious features of the situation for their convenience. He was dressed in ill-fitting white silk clothes, and he consulted a dingy little packet of notes as he spoke. They put him out. He explained that he had never spoken from notes before, but that this occasion was exceptional.

And then King Egbert spoke as he was expected to speak, and Leblanc's spectacles moistened at that flow of generous sentiment, most amiably and lightly expressed. "We haven't to stand on ceremony," said the king, "we have to govern the world. We have always pretended to govern the world, and here is our opportunity."

"Of course," whispered Leblanc, nodding his head rapidly, "of course."

"The world has been smashed up, and we have to put it on its wheels again," said King Egbert. "And it is the simple common-sense of this crisis for all to help and none to seek advantage. Is that our tone or not?"

The gathering was too old and seasoned and miscellaneous for any great displays of enthusiasm, but that was its tone, and with an astonishment that somehow became exhilarating, it began to resign, repudiate, and declare its intentions. Firmin, taking notes behind his master, heard everything that had been foretold among the yellow broom come true. With a queer feeling that he was dreaming, he assisted at the proclamation of the World State, and saw the message taken out to the wireless operators to be throbbed all round the habitable globe. "And next," said King Egbert, with a cheerful excitement in his voice, "we have to get every atom of Carolinum and all the plant for making it, into our control. . . ."

Firmin was not alone in his incredulity. Not a man there who was not a very amiable, reasonable, benevolent creature at bottom; some had been born to power and some had happened upon it, some had struggled to get it, not clearly knowing what it was and what it implied, but none

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was irreconcilably set upon its retention at the price of cosmic disaster. Their minds had been prepared by circumstances and sedulously cultivated by Leblanc; and now they took the broad, obvious road along which King Egbert was leading them, with a mingled conviction of strangeness and necessity. Things went very smoothly; the King of Italy explained the arrangements that had been made for the protection of the camp from any fantastic attack; a couple of thousand of aeroplanes, each carrying a sharpshooter, guarded them, and there was an excellent system of relays, and at night all the sky would be searched by scores of lights, and the admirable Leblanc gave luminous reasons for their camping just where they were and going on with their administrative duties forthwith. He knew of this place because he had happened upon it when holiday-making with Madame Leblanc twenty years and more ago. "There is very simple fare at present," he explained, "on account of the disturbed state of the countries about us. But we have excellent fresh milk, good red wine, beef, bread, salad and lemons. . . . In a few days I hope to place things in the hands of a more efficient caterer. . . ."

The members of the new world government dined at three long tables on trestles, and down the middle of these tables Leblanc, in spite of the barrenness of his menu, had contrived to have a great multitude of beautiful roses. There was similar accommodation for the secretaries and attendants at a lower level down the mountain. The assembly dined as it had debated, in the open air, and over the dark crags to the west the glowing June sunset shone upon the banquet. There was no precedence now among the ninety-three, and King Egbert found himself between a pleasant little Japanese stranger in spectacles and his cousin of Central Europe, and opposite a great Bengali leader and the President of the United States of America. Beyond the Japanese was Holsten, the old chemist, and Leblanc was a little way down on the other side.

The king was still cheerfully talkative and abounded in ideas. He fell presently into an amiable controversy with the American, who seemed to feel a lack of impressiveness in the occasion.

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It was ever the Transatlantic tendency, due no doubt to the necessity of handling public questions in a bulky and striking manner, to over-emphasise and over-accentuate, and the president was touched by his national failing. He suggested now that there should be a new era, starting from that day as the first day of the first year.

The king demurred.

"From this day forth, Sir, man enters upon his heritage," said the American.

"Man," said the king, "is always entering upon his heritage. You Americans have a peculiar weakness for anniversaries,—if you will forgive me saying so. Yes,—I accuse you of a lust for dramatic effect. Everything is happening always, but you want to say this or this is the real instant in time and subordinate all the others to it."

The American said something about an epoch-making day.

"But surely," said the king, "you don't want us to condemn all humanity to a world-wide annual Fourth of June for ever and evermore. On account of this harmless necessary day of declarations. No conceivable day could ever deserve that. Ah! you do not know, as I do, the devastations of the memorable. My poor grandparents were—*rubricated*. The worst of these huge celebrations is that they break up the dignified succession of one's contemporary emotions. They interrupt. They set back. Suddenly out come the flags and fireworks and the old enthusiasms are furbished up—and it's sheer destruction of the proper thing that ought to be going on. Sufficient unto the day is the celebration thereof. Let the dead past bury its dead. You see, in regard to the calendar I am for democracy and you are for aristocracy. All things, I hold, are august and have a right to be lived through on their merits. No day should be sacrificed on the grave of departed events. What do you think of it, Wilhelm?"

"For the noble, yes, all days should be noble."

"Exactly my position," said the king, and felt pleased at what he had been saying.

And then, since the American pressed his idea, the king contrived to shift the talk from the question of celebrating the epoch they were making to the question of the probabilities that lay ahead. Here everyone became diffi-

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dent. They could see the world unified and at peace, but what detail was to follow from that unification they seemed indisposed to discuss. This diffidence struck the king as remarkable. He plunged upon the possibilities of science. All the huge expenditure that had hitherto gone into unproductive naval and military preparations, must now, he declared, place research upon a new footing. "Where one man worked we will have a thousand." He appealed to Holsten. "We have only begun to peep into these possibilities," he said. "You, at any rate, have sounded the vaults of the treasure house."

"They are unfathomable," smiled Holsten.

"Man," said the American, with a manifest resolve to justify and reinstate himself after the flickering contradictions of the king, "man, I say, is only beginning to enter upon his heritage."

"Tell us some of the things you believe we shall presently learn, give us an idea of the things we may presently do," said the king to Holsten.

Holsten opened out vistas. . . .

"Science," the king cried presently, "is the new king of the world."

"*Our* view," said the president, "is that sovereignty resides with the people."

"No!" said the king, "the sovereign is a being more subtle than that. And less arithmetical. Neither my family nor your emancipated people. It is something that floats about us, and above us, and through us. It is that common, impersonal will and sense of necessity of which Science is the best understood and most typical aspect. It is the mind of the race. It is that which has brought us here, which has bowed us all to its demands. . . ."

He paused and glanced down the table at Leblanc and then reopened at his former antagonist.

"There is a disposition," said the king, "to regard this gathering as if it was actually doing what it appears to be doing, as if we ninety-odd men of our own free will and wisdom, were unifying the world. There is a temptation to consider ourselves exceptionally fine fellows, and masterful men, and all the rest of it. We are not. I doubt if we should average out as anything abler than any other casually selected body of ninety-odd men. We are no

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creators, we are consequences, we are salvagers—or salvagees. The thing to-day is not ourselves, but the wind of conviction that has blown us hither. . . .”

The American had to confess he could hardly agree with the king's estimate of their average.

“Holsten, perhaps, and one or two others might lift us a little,” the king conceded. “But the rest of us?”

His eye flitted once more towards Leblanc.

“Look at Leblanc,” he said. “He's just a simple soul. There are hundreds and thousands like him. I admit a certain dexterity, a certain lucidity, but there is not a country town in France where there is not a Leblanc or so to be found about two o'clock in its principal café. It's just that he isn't complicated or Super-Mannish, or any of those things that has made all he has done possible. But in happier times, don't you think, Wilhelm, he would have remained just what his father was, a successful *épicier*, very clean, very accurate, very honest. And on holidays he would have gone out with Madame Leblanc and her knitting in a punt with a jar of something gentle, and have sat under a large, reasonable, green-lined umbrella and fished very neatly and successfully for gudgeon. . . .”

The president and the Japanese prince in spectacles protested together.

“If I do him an injustice,” said the king, “it is only because I want to elucidate my argument. I want to make it clear how small are men and days, and how great is man in comparison. . . .”

§ 4.

So it was King Egbert talked at Brissago after they had proclaimed the unity of the world. Every evening after that the assembly dined together and talked at their ease and grew accustomed to each other and sharpened each other's ideas, and every day they worked together and really for a time believed that they were inventing a new government for the world. They discussed a constitution. But there were matters needing attention too urgently to wait for any constitution. They attended to these incidentally. The constitution it was that waited. It was presently found convenient to keep the constitution waiting indefinitely, as King Egbert

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had foreseen, and meanwhile, with an increasing self-confidence, that council went on governing. . . .

On this first evening of all the council's gatherings, after King Egbert had talked for a long time and drunken and praised very abundantly the simple red wine of the country that Leblanc had procured for them, he gathered about him a group of congenial spirits and fell into a discourse upon simplicity, praising it above all things and declaring that the ultimate aim of art, religion, philosophy and science alike was to simplify. He instanced himself as a devotee to simplicity. And Leblanc he instanced as a crowning instance of the splendour of this quality. Upon that they were all agreed.

When at last the company about the tables broke up, the king found himself brimming over with a peculiar affection and admiration for Leblanc, he made his way to him and drew him aside and broached what he declared was a small matter. There was, he said, a certain order in his gift that, unlike all other orders and decorations in the world, had never been corrupted. It was reserved only for elderly men of supreme distinction, the acuteness of whose gifts was already touched to mellowness, and it had included the greatest names of every age so far as the advisers of his family had been able to ascertain them. At present, the king admitted, these matters of stars and badges were rather obscured by more urgent affairs; for his own part, he had never set any value upon them at all, but a time might come when they would be at least interesting, and, in short, he wished to confer the Order of Merit upon Leblanc. His sole motive in doing so, he added, was his strong desire to signalise his personal esteem. He laid his hand upon the Frenchman's shoulder as he said these things with an almost brotherly affection. Leblanc received this proposal with a modest confusion that greatly enhanced the king's opinion of his admirable simplicity. He pointed out that, eager as he was to snatch at the proffered distinction, it might at the present stage appear invidious, and he therefore suggested that the conferring of it should be postponed until it could be made the crown and conclusion of his services. The king was unable to shake this resolution, and the two men parted with expressions of mutual esteem.

The king then summoned Firmin in order to make

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a short note of a number of things that he had said during the day. But after about twenty minutes' work the sweet sleepiness of the mountain air overcame him, and he dismissed Firmin and went to bed and fell asleep at once, and slept with extreme satisfaction. He had had an active, agreeable day.

§ 5.

The establishment of the new order that was thus so humanly begun, was, if one measures it by the standard of any preceding age, a rapid process. The fighting spirit of the world was exhausted. Only here or there did fierceness linger. For long decades the combative side in human affairs had been monstrously exaggerated by the accidents of political separation. This now became luminously plain. An enormous proportion of the force that sustained armaments had been nothing more aggressive than the fear of war and war-like neighbours. It is doubtful if any large section of the men actually enlisted for fighting ever at any time really hungered and thirsted for bloodshed and danger. That kind of appetite was probably never very strong in the species after the savage stage was past. The army was a profession, in which killing had become a disagreeable possibility rather than an eventful certainty. If one reads the old newspapers and periodicals of that time, which did so much to keep militarism alive, one finds very little about glory and adventure, and a constant harping on the disagreeableness of invasion and subjugation. In one word, militarism was funk. The belligerent resolution of the armed Europe of the twentieth century was the resolution of a fiercely frightened sheep to plunge. And now that its weapons were exploding in its hands, Europe was only too eager to drop them, and abandon this fancied refuge of violence.

For a time the whole world had been shocked into frankness; nearly all the clever people who had hitherto sustained the ancient belligerent separations had now been brought to realise the need for simplicity of attitude and openness of mind; and in this atmosphere of moral renaissance there was little attempt to get negotiable advantages out of resistance to the new order. Human beings are foolish enough, no doubt, but few have stopped to haggle in a fire-escape. The council had its way with

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them. The band of "patriots" who seized the laboratories and arsenal just outside Osaka and tried to rouse Japan to revolt against inclusion in the Republic of Mankind, found they had miscalculated the national pride, and met the swift vengeance of their own countrymen. That fight in the arsenal was a vivid incident in this closing chapter of the history of war. To the last the "patriots" were undecided whether in the event of a defeat they would explode their supply of atomic bombs or not. They were fighting with swords outside the iridium doors, and the moderates of their number were at bay and on the verge of destruction, only ten indeed remained unwounded when the republicans burst in to the rescue. . . .

§ 6.

One single monarch held out against the general acquiescence in the new rule, and that was that strange survival of mediævalism, the "Slavic fox," the King of the Balkans. He debated and delayed his submissions. He showed an extraordinary combination of cunning and temerity in his evasion of the repeated summonses from Brissago. He affected ill-health and a great preoccupation with his new official mistress, for his semi-barbaric court was arranged on the best romantic models. His tactics were ably seconded by Doctor Pestovitch, his chief minister. Failing to establish his claims to complete independence, King Ferdinand Charles annoyed the conference by a proposal to be treated as a protected State. Finally, he professed an unconvincing submission, and put a mass of obstacles in the way of the transfer of his national officials to the new government. In these things he was enthusiastically supported by his subjects, still for the most part an illiterate peasantry, passionately if confusedly patriotic, and so far with no practical knowledge of the effect of atomic bombs. More particularly he retained control of all the Balkan aeroplanes.

For once the extreme *naïveté* of Leblanc seems to have been mitigated by duplicity. He went on with the general pacification of the world as if the Balkan submission was made in absolute good faith, and he announced the disbandment of the force of aeroplanes that had hitherto guarded the council at Brissago upon the approaching fifteenth of July. But instead he doubled the number upon

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duty on that eventful day and made various arrangements for their disposition. He consulted certain experts, and when he took King Egbert into his confidence there was something in his neat and explicit foresight that brought back to that ex-monarch's mind his half-forgotten fantasy of Leblanc as a fisherman under a green umbrella.

About five o'clock in the morning of the seventeenth of July one of the outer sentinels of the Brissago fleet, which was soaring unobtrusively over the lower end of the lake of Garda, sighted and hailed a strange aeroplane that was flying westward and, failing to get a satisfactory reply, set its wireless apparatus talking and gave chase. A swarm of consorts appeared very promptly over the westward mountains, and before the unknown aeroplane had sighted Como, it had a dozen eager attendants closing in upon it. Its driver seems to have hesitated, dropped down among the mountains, and then turned southward in flight, only to find an intercepting biplane sweeping across his bows. He then went round into the eye of the rising sun, and passed within a hundred yards of his original pursuer.

The sharpshooter therein opened fire at once, and showed an intelligent grasp of the situation by disabling the passenger first. The man at the wheel must have heard his companion cry out behind him, but he was too intent on getting away to waste even a glance behind. Twice after that he must have heard shots. He let his engine go, he crouched down, and for twenty minutes he must have steered in the continual expectation of a bullet. It never came, and when at last he glanced round three great planes were close upon him, and his companion, thrice hit, lay dead across his bombs. His followers manifestly did not mean either to upset or shoot him, but inexorably they drove him down, down. At last he was curving and flying a hundred yards or less over the level fields of rice and maize. Ahead of him and dark against the morning sunrise was a village with a very tall and slender campanile and a line of cable-bearing metal standards that he could not clear. He stopped his engine abruptly and dropped flat. He may have hoped to get at the bombs when he came down, but his pitiless pursuers drove right over him and shot him as he fell.

Three other aeroplanes curved down and came to rest amidst the crushed grass close by the smashed machine.

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Their passengers descended, and ran holding their light rifles in their hands towards the *débris* and the two dead men. The coffin-shaped box that had occupied the centre of the machine had broken, and three black objects, each with two handles like the ears of a pitcher, lay peacefully amidst the litter.

These objects were so tremendously important in the eyes of their captors that they disregarded the two dead men who lay bloody and broken amidst the wreckage as they might have disregarded dead frogs by a country pathway.

"By God!" cried the first. "Here they are!"

"And unbroken!" said the second.

"I've never seen the things before," said the first.

"Bigger than I thought," said the second.

The third comer arrived. He stared for a moment at the bombs and then turned his eyes to the dead man with a crushed chest who lay in a muddy place among the green stems under the centre of the machine.

"One can take no risks," he said, with a faint suggestion of apology.

The other two now also turned to the victims. "We must signal," said the first man. A shadow passed between them and the sun, and they looked up to see the aeroplane that had fired the last shot. "Shall we signal?" came a megaphone hail.

"Three bombs," they answered together.

"Where do they come from?" asked the megaphone.

The three sharpshooters looked at each other and then moved towards the dead men. One of them had an idea. "Signal that first," he said, "while we look." They were joined by their aviators for the search, and all six men began a hunt that was necessarily brutal in its haste, for some indication of identity. They examined the men's pockets, their bloodstained clothes, the machine, the framework. They turned the bodies over and flung them aside. There was not a tattoo mark. . . . Everything was elaborately free of any indication of its origin.

"He can't find out!" they called at last.

"Not a sign?"

"Not a sign."

"I'm coming down," said the man overhead. . . .

(To be continued.)

Offenbach and Hortense Schneider

By Francis Grierson

AMIDST scenes of unparalleled gaiety and extravagance the great Exposition of 1867 marked the beginning of the end of the third Napoleon's fabulous and romantic reign. Never in her long history of intellectual and social triumphs had Paris witnessed such a galaxy of wit and genius. The social and political atmosphere scintillated with musical, lyrical, and dramatic stars. The Exposition was the universal attraction around which the luminaries revolved in a dazzling whirl of captivating melodies, bewildering colours, and audacious antics. People took advantage of the Great Show to make a long and vertiginous sojourn in the city of pleasures. Thousands came, not to see the Emperor, nor to gaze at the statuesque beauty of the Empress, nor to get a glimpse of the kings and oriental potentates as they appeared in the Champs Élysées and the Bois de Boulogne, but to hear, contemplate, and, if possible, appropriate and imitate, the suave singing, bewitching manners, fascinating nonchalance and *éblouissant* originality of Hortense Schneider, the incomparable queen of Opéra Bouffe. Some were charmed by her voice in *Orpheus*, some by her smile in *La Belle Hélène*, others by her manners in *La Périhole*, others still by her innuendoes in *La Diva*, and everyone by her witching presence in *La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein*. So great was the prestige of the Schneider-Offenbach combination, that the Czar of Russia, on his arrival at Cologne, no longer able to restrain his impatience, telegraphed for reserved seats, determined to witness a performance of *La Grande Duchesse* on the very evening of his arrival in the gay capital.

In the eyes of foreign potentates the Court of Napoleon, with its modern splendours, its beautiful women, and the wonderful romance of the Tuileries, faded away when compared with Offenbachian music sung by a troupe of Grecian gods and goddesses led by the diva Hortense, with words

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by the two wittiest librettists of the age, Meilhac and Halévy, both destined for academical immortality. This dazzling combination turned all heads, moved all hearts haunted every imagination, worried the Emperor, vexed the Empress, disturbed conversation at Court, enraged a host of envious rivals, and was denounced by some as the forerunner of national decadence and all the disorders that followed.

An Offenbach first night was an event not to be compared with any other musical event in Paris. Duchesses, princesses, typical *boulevardiers*, editors, critics, leading actresses and singers who were not engaged at their own theatres on that particular evening, imperialists and republicans, ambassadors and academicians, the grave and the gay, the decorous and the decadent, pleaded, and sometimes offered bribes, for the privilege of forming part of an audience composed mainly of the most distinguished courtiers and the most celebrated *courtisanes* France had known for two hundred years. On such nights the proscenium boxes witnessed an incessant going and coming of warriors, princes and statesmen; and once, when *Orpheus* was being played, Bismarck occupied a *baignoire*, where he sat like a huge spider contemplating the actor who imitated the fly in the famous *scène de la mouche*, his ears tingling with the buzzing sounds, and doubtless laying plans for the capture of military swarms later on, and devising sinister meshes to entrap the diplomatic *gobe-mouches* of the reckless and pleasure-loving Empire.

Here, too, opposite Bismarck, sat Adolphe Thiers, a bullet-headed little man of seventy, with a full-moon face and a bull-dog jaw, the greatest orator of Louis-Philippe's reign, the man who was to be the President of the next French Republic, the man who was to assume the crushing responsibility of the peace negotiations at the close of the Franco-Prussian war, the victim who would be forced to sign an agreement with Bismarck for the payment to Prussia of a war indemnity of three milliards of francs. What were his thoughts as he listened to the witty phrases, the sparkling tunes, the Terpsichorean gaiety, as he glanced about at the *loges* filled with the beauty, the wealth, and the fashion of Paris?

The imperial whirligig went with a gusto that left no time

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for pessimistic doubts in the world of fashion. One round of pleasure succeeded another, and a score of titled people, led by the ingenious and witty Princess Pauline Metternich, wife of the Austrian Ambassador, were kept busy devising means to save fashionable Paris from *ennui*, that most dreaded of all reactions. But nothing they did could rival the wit of Meilhac, the humour of Halévy, the catching melodies of Jacques Offenbach, and the perennial fascination of Hortense Schneider. The marvellous combination went from triumph to triumph, and on January 26th Paris was startled by the news that Cora Pearl, one of the four fabulous beauties of the Empire, had consented to appear as Cupid in *Orpheus*, and for a time the boulevard resounded with descriptions of her mansion, with its walls hung in blue satin embroidered in gold, her eight carriages and twelve blooded horses, and her *début* served as the overture to the dazzling procession of the Offenbachian performances which would continue long after the downfall of the Empire. On that memorable evening the theatre in the Passage Choiseul seemed to picture a realistic chapter from *A Thousand and One Nights*. All the elements of tragedy, romance, and comedy mingled here as never in the pages of the most romantic novel—there was Douglas Hamilton, premier duke of Scotland, who not long after was killed by falling downstairs at a restaurant on the boulevard; the Marquis de Caux, who married Adelina Patti; the charming Madame Narischkine, who married Alexandre Dumas fils; the famous Leonide Leblanc, who dazzled the eyes of Parisians by a pearl necklace of nameless value, a gift from the Duc d'Aumale, son of Louis-Philippe; the celebrated Theresa, the Café Chantant *diva*, who lived and died without a rival; the well-known and redoubtable Turk, Mustapha Pasha, the Ducs de Mouchy and Richelieu, and six hundred others, each with a romance as long as a three-volume novel; and yet the sensation created by the twelve appearances of Cora Pearl in *Orpheus* in no way rivalled the opening night of *La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein*, with Schneider in the title-rôle, a creation destined to attract the whole universe to Paris.

The rehearsals for the new operette occurred without a hitch—composer, librettists, and artists were all radiant

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under the magic influence of this fresh creation. During the rehearsals Hortense Schneider paid several visits to the jewellery establishments in the Palais-Royal, and there studied in detail the jewelled orders and decorations to be seen in the windows. She was determined to create for herself a decoration unlike anything ever seen on or off the stage. This she succeeded in doing, but on the evening of the last rehearsal, just before she made her entrance as the Grande Duchesse, wearing her jewelled "cordon" which shone like the sun, the news came that the Censor forbade the wearing of the order. The diva burst into tears and refused her new *rôle*. There was a scene, not before but behind the curtain. Offenbach was in despair; but at last Schneider, loth to see the great *rôle* given to another, consented to go on with the rehearsal.

The first public performance of the new Opéra Bouffe occurred on April 12th. Paris being already full of visitors, all the places of amusement were crowded.

At this time three of my friends were achieving success at different theatres—Mademoiselle Christine Nilsson, the new Swedish nightingale, at the Théâtre Lyrique in Mozart's *Magic Flute*; Mademoiselle Desclauzas as Prince Charmant in *Cendrillon* at the Châtelet; and Madame Elise Picard in the *Danicheffs* at the Odéon.

Marie Desclauzas was a born comedienne who began her brilliant career as a singer in operette, but she did not appear in parts created by Schneider, and was in no sense a rival of the diva. She created the part of Mademoiselle Lange in Lecocq's *La Fille de Madame Angot*, and the last time I saw her on the stage was at the Eden in 1889, when she appeared in *Le Petit Duc* with another of my friends, the talented Jeanne Granier, in the title-*rôle*. Both these artistes left Opéra Bouffe and have achieved even greater success in plays.

Ada Isaacs Menken, of New Orleans, whose book of poems was published in London with a preface by Charles Dickens, made the circuit of the Gaieté Théâtre while strapped to a horse's back in a drama called *Mazeppa*. The Grand Opera was presenting Meyerbeer's *L'Africaine* to enraptured audiences, the Opéra-Comique gave Massé's *Fille du Brigadier*, while the Théâtre Français presented a double bill in which all the leading *sociétaires* took part.

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Later in the season Sothern appeared in English plays at the Théâtre Ventadour.

La Grande Duchesse took Paris by storm. Napoleon witnessed a performance shortly before the opening of the Exposition, and in a few days returned again with the Empress. The Théâtre des Variétés at once became the centre of attraction for distinguished foreigners from every country, and Hortense Schneider was applauded by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and by all the crowned heads who visited the capital.

At the same time Offenbach's *La Vie Parisienne* was having a long run at the Palais-Royal, and the day soon arrived when three operettes by this wonderful man were played concurrently at three theatres. Offenbach had now triumphed at Vienna, Berlin, Petersburg, London, and New York, while Hortense Schneider was acclaimed by Royalty at London and Vienna. At the Saint-James Theatre, in 1869, she appeared before the Prince of Wales, the Comtesse de Paris, and the Duc d'Aumale, and on one occasion, during a representation of *Orpheus* at the same theatre there was a scene not down on the programme. Before a crowded audience of titled people, during the last act, just as Schneider had finished singing the *Evohé*, her clothes caught fire. Amidst an indescribable scene of confusion she jumped from the movable platform on which she was standing and, crying out "Ah! Emma Livry!" she threw herself flat on the stage in a frantic effort to hide her face from the flames. Emma Livry, one of the greatest of terpsichorean artists of the Empire, and a popular favourite, was fatally burned some time before at a rehearsal of *La Muette*. Hortense Schneider escaped a similar fate by a miracle. M. Desmonts, who took the part of Jupiter, put out the flames with his cloak, and when the fortunate diva appeared on the stage the next evening, she received such an ovation that for some time she stood in silence waiting for the applause to cease.

Schneider produced the same impression everywhere. Others who appeared in the same rôles were successful enough when the audiences were not acquainted with the gifts of the incomparable diva. Tostée, when I first heard her at New York in 1868, where she played the part of the Grande Duchesse more than a hundred and fifty times,

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acted with greater verve than charm; Tautin in *Orpheus* made a greater impression by her dancing than she did by her singing; Aimée sang with too much force and acted with too much vehemence; Ugalde had a fine presence, but she was somewhat out of place in Opéra Bouffe, while Judic was too caustic and witty to rival Hortense Schneider's fascinating nonchalance and irresistible abandon.

As the Second Empire drew to a close the gaiety, extravagance, and luxury increased. In July, 1869, Offenbach went to Baden-Baden to conduct one of his operettes, and there attended a rehearsal dressed in yellow trousers and waistcoat, grey gloves, coat of sky-blue, a green hat, the outfit topped by a red umbrella.

I never saw him in this clown's costume, not even when he conducted his own orchestra at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876, and I saw him on many occasions in Paris under the Empire, and often during the first decade of the Third Republic.

For years Offenbach's breakfasts and suppers were the talk of the art and musical circles of Paris. At the beginning of his career he took his breakfast at Peter's, in the famous Passage des Princes, at the table reserved for Villmessant, the witty editor of the *Figaro*. When Offenbach became a recognised maestro, he had his own table reserved at the Café Riche, where he was sought by editors, artists, librettists, and the brightest wits of Paris. During the last years of his life he took his breakfasts at Bignon's. His suppers, his Fridays, and his masked balls were more romantic, more typical of the spirit of the Second Empire, although, from an intellectual point of view, the breakfasts would command a greater interest.

Rossini's salon was renowned for conversation, but for gaiety, verve, wit, originality, and movement, Offenbach's Fridays, inaugurated soon after the first representation of *Croquefer*, became celebrated throughout Europe, and from that time till the downfall of the Empire they were the talk of artistic Paris. At his masked balls Offenbach's gifted friends appeared in rôles in which they were not known to the public. On one such evening the whole world of art was represented: Bizet, the composer of *Carmen*, appeared dressed as a baby, Hector Crémieux as a pierrot,

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Léo Delibes and Villemessant in fantastic costumes greeted the celebrated illustrator, Gustave Doré, who entered the room on his hands. Other celebrities, such as Edmond About, Ludovic Halévy, Labiche, Nadar, and Jonas assisted at this fantastic evening. Often in the midst of such scenes Offenbach might have been discovered sitting at a table composing one of his most "catching" melodies for his next operette. Once at a breakfast-table at Bignon's, Albert Wieland brought him the words of a certain song which he wished the master to set to music. While they were talking, much to the astonishment of the onlookers, Offenbach took a clean plate and rapidly wrote down on it the much-desired *motif*. He composed for several hours every day, and at one time three theatres in Paris were presenting three different operettes from his perennial musical fountain, which flowed with abundance at all times and in all places. His greatest work, *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*, now a classic, was composed while he was dying. There is no science which can explain away the mystery of such creative powers. In his music there was no straining after effect, no mechanical imitation of other composers, no pretence. His art was his own, so original, so full of natural melody and personal distinction that it was the despair of the lesser musical lights of Paris, who found it easy to imitate almost anyone but Offenbach, and who could not forgive him his universal triumphs in every country and city in the world.

Writing in the *Figaro* at the time of the master's death, Albert Wolff, the leading art critic of Paris of that time, said: "Decidedly, nature has a way of arranging everything, since we see that she endows those who feel the glory of the artist with supreme confidence in their star. The man who does not go to work with the conviction to succeed better than the others loses the best of his genius in doubting his powers. Offenbach would never have succeeded in creating a hundred successful partitions if he had indulged in vain and idle discussions."

Like the great artist he was, he did not always leave his written work as it stood. Up to the fifteenth representation of *Orphée* he made changes in the score. His musical inspirations flowed with such ease that he was never afraid to cut whole scenes which critics considered successful and re-create others much better, and his work in the last

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resort was always finished work. Much of what passes in our day for inspiration on the operatic stage would have been ignored by Offenbach. With the advent of intellectual and mechanically manufactured operas we have lost the notion of natural musical art and pretend that melody is not the greatest thing in music. Composers who thus pretend are quite incapable of composing original melodies. All through the Second Empire art and music occupied high ground and the theatre in France never had so many great stars. At every theatre there was a star, but they differed in glory. Singers and actresses depended on talent for their vogue since pretty faces were not accepted in lieu of a natural vocation for the stage, and Hortense Schneider, charming as she was, could never have enacted the rôles which made her famous without natural dramatic and lyrical powers.

I remember occasions when her appearance in the Bois distracted public opinion from the Empress and her equipage, and once, during a great crush of carriages in the Avenue des Acacias, the latter passed a disagreeable quarter of an hour, the *daumont* in which the Empress was seated being forced to remain stationary just behind that of the diva. The professional beauties of the time were forgotten one after the other, while Hortense Schneider charmed the public as well as the critics up to the last day of her appearance at a theatre, and when her voice began to fail her inimitable acting still fascinated.

The Czar of Russia invited Mademoiselle Schneider to give a series of public performances at St. Petersburg during the winter of 1871-2. When she arrived she was received with special honours. Patti was singing at one theatre, while Schneider was charming not only artists and critics at another, but the whole diplomatic and foreign colony, for she brought with her to Russia the spirit of the Parisian boulevards and a suggestion of Napoleonic romance. On one memorable evening, after her performance at the theatre, I was one of a small and intimate company invited to meet Mademoiselle Schneider at the "Winter Garden." A private carriage was sent to my house at midnight, and when I arrived at the Garden I saw that Prince B—— and myself were the only guests not attached to the diplomatic service in Russia. On this occasion the

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inimitable artiste sang the most famous songs from Offenbach's operettes; the song of the Sabre from *La Grande Duchesse*, the letter song from *La Perichole*, and many others, and for two hours it seemed as if we were back again in the Paris of Napoleon III. At another time, in the early 'seventies, I saw her in her leading rôles at the Princess's Theatre in Oxford Street. It was during the height of the London season, all the leaders of fashion attended the performance, and, as usual, the sensational scene with Fritz in *La Grande Duchesse* created not only the greatest sensation, but the most lasting impression, for no one having witnessed it could forget such acting. Offenbach and Hortense Schneider were the products of Nature unspoiled by conventional schools and untrammelled by systems. The composer seemed born to create the music that was fitted for the voice and temperament of the diva of *Opéra Bouffe*, while Ludovic Halévy seemed predestined for the creation of the rôles which were to embody the wit, the persiflage, the nonchalance and the happy indifference of the Paris of the Third Empire; and all three, librettist, composer, and singer, formed a trio unique in the world of art.

“Love-Letters from ——”

By the Earl of Arran, K.P.

4th April.

MY DEAREST,—There is nothing to tell you to-day, except that I love you, and I love you so absolutely that if I were to tell you so ceaselessly for a thousand years, I should not even have touched upon the capital sum of my affection. So, my dearest, you can revel as a spendthrift in my adoration of you, for it is inexhaustible.

Will you come with me to the Moon? Or, what is equally easy—will you come with me to Lulworth? “Oh, to be in Lulworth now that April’s here!” Lulworth and the sea, and you, my darling, with it all. No! we must wait for the hive of bees, and the world is then before us. I went to Lulworth last week for a solitary sojourn to soothe this wretched nervous system. Greenbank—such a restful name was my home, and I rested on it for seven long, lovely, sleeping nights. For it is the world of sleep, and no one can stay wakeful.

One day I went to sea in a “sixpenny sick,” as the excursion steamers are called, and was sicker than I had ever been before. Why is it that suffering in theory is beautiful and in practice is revolting? A fictitious heroine dies beautifully and pathetically of a consumption!

And yet the last stages of a consumptive are in reality as dreadful as a death can be! Some day, when genius has gilded my pen, I shall describe a death from seasickness as pathetically as Dickens described the death of little Paul Dombey.

“Nay, stewardess, bring no more basins! There are already too many—he has no longer need of them.” And I closed the eyes of my darling!

Surely this would be a lovely ending to a novel of the sea.

June.

MY DEAREST,—At last to-morrow we meet after a parting that has seemed infinite in these long days. And

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to-morrow I see you only in the presence of your family, who already regard me in anticipation with feelings of instinctive dislike. To-day I have nearly turned this dislike into hatred.

Bannock, when he called me and said, "There is a large hole in your black boots—I have put out a brown pair!" I retorted in a princely way, "Put out another pair of black ones!"

He reminded me, however, that, as he had repeatedly warned me, I possessed only one pair of black boots, and gazed ostentatiously at his own well and sable clad feet!

The scene at the Derby presented itself to my imagination. Your sisters' scorn! I heard them in anticipation observe to each other in acid tones, "A shabby admirer indeed!" and then implore you to treat me with coldness and contempt, as they gazed derisively at my boots! I was in despair. Fortunately, Bannock is a man of resource, and, acting under his advice, I consulted the manager of a "ready-made" emporium, who graciously provided me with a new and splendid pair! So you have no need to feel uneasy for to-morrow's Derby! "No holes there!" you will exclaim with conscious pride to your family as you point out my extremities! And they will be covered with confusion and admiration.

So you are going to live alone again. Are you wise? Were you ever wise? Or are you only sweet—self-willed—and charming?

You said in your letter of to-day that you wished everything between us was according to the rules.

Surely that is a wish that denotes a weak moment on your part!

How often have we discussed this question? I thought we were agreed. All our laws in life, social and otherwise, are laid down by ourselves for the greater comfort and protection of the majority—based on the convenience of our worldly needs.

Then every now and then circumstances arise which make the obedience of these conventions impossible, and we realise that our lives are our own to make the best of and most of.

There are few real offences. What is really wrong is to deceive and to be unnecessarily unkind to others. And

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how are we being unkind or deceiving poor L. in his hopeless insanity?

Oh, such a lovely summer's day! After the hive of bees we will live in the sun, and avoid the cold, and the unhappiness of winter. How hateful winter is! the cold—the damp—the mists—the dark—the wretchedness. My darling, we will go to the sun. To-day I spent in that most thankless of all tasks—the tasks of a trustee. I hold seventeen of them, and they drive me bald and grey. Old Lord Manx and I are co-trustees of the Skibbereen property, and our chief tasks lie in the efforts of keeping Skibbereen in order, and ourselves out of the Bankruptcy Court. Manx is a nice old fellow, but I always think of him in the following connection:

A few years ago the nation suffered a great and almost irreparable loss by the death of a great political personage.

On reading the announcement in the newspapers, I felt deeply shocked and sorry at what we all suffered by the death of a great and good man, although I could not venture to pretend to great personal sorrow, since my own knowledge of him was limited to a few short and hurried conversations in public places where he generally took me for somebody else.

The following day I called on old Manx to discuss some of Skibbereen's latest difficulties. The house was still as death. Manx, clothed in black even to his socks and sleeve-links, sat with his head buried in hands, a dignified and sable monument of sorrow. As I opened the door, he sprang up, recognised me with a glance of bitter disappointment, and sank back into his former position. I knew that he had been honoured by the distinguished friendship, but I had not anticipated such unhappiness. Like Dobbin, just before Waterloo, when he saw the parting between George and Amelia Osborne, I felt to myself that I had no right to pry into such grief as this, and pressing the hand of Lady Manx, I murmured words of sympathy as I turned to go. "Ah," she said, "the anxiety is too great! I fear for his reason!" "Anxiety!" I murmured, "surely that is at an end, now that the worst has happened!" "Oh, no!" she replied. "Poor, dear, darling Manx is so afraid that he won't be asked to the funeral!"

I watched the funeral procession afterwards with the

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remainder of the public! In it I saw Manx, his features wreathed in a smile of celestial resignation, and his grief at a melancholy event a good deal assuaged by the knowledge that it was the cause of his friends once more realising that he and they were of a different clay.

My "ready-made" tailor also suffered terribly, for when I went to order the coal-black trousers that the occasion demanded, I heard him howling in his office. "Mr. Valentine is going through agonies of grief," the foreman explained, as he took the measurements of my legs and abdomen.

Poor John has just been "pilled" for the Regent's Club, and he will feel it dreadfully. And naturally—for, let one say what one likes, it is a horrid rebuff!

To be blackballed for a club is, in fact, to seek entrance into a society which does not want you.

All the same, blackballing is a cowardly action, since the injury is a secret one. The only honest way of blackballing is to write to the candidate's proposer and seconder and ask them to inform him of your intention. And then, if he is larger than you are, and of a courageous nature, he will probably hit you in the eye! Such are the difficulties and dangers of pursuing an honest path.

Good-night, my dearest.

12th June.

MY DEAREST,—

Why does the personal ownership enter so much into the affections?

One can go to the National Gallery—I had nearly said the Royal Academy—and revel in the beauties that are found there without wishing to possess them, just as one can go to the scenery of the West of Ireland and fall prostrate before its splendour, without wishing for any personal share in its ownership.

Yet if I did not feel that *you* were my own, all the pleasure and beauty of my life would be gone.

The only sadness in this tremendous love of mine is caused by the knowledge that you have belonged to another; and although that all belongs to a past as remote as it is finished, yet the sting of the memory remains always. If I did not care so much for you, I should not mind so

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much; but if I did not care so much, then it would not matter.

Some day nothing will matter, and everything will be peace, but, oh, my dearest, in what shape will that peace come? I can imagine peace perhaps, but without happiness if it would be without you; but then what is anything without happiness? Once one has known you, happiness is impossible unless you are there.

It seems to be so hard that we should be plumped into the world without a "with your leave or by your leave," and have to submit to all that this world is to give us, and all that the next is to give us also!

On Thursday I dined with the Bohemians. Bohemia in the idea is a lovely country of romance, brilliancy, and sentiment, and Murger has immortalised it. Somehow or other, the way to that Bohemia has been lost. Anyway, I could never find it. I once went to Bohemia for a while, but I found it a dusty, sordid, vulgar country, redolent of cigarette-ends, champagne, and hansom-cabs, and every kind of filthiness, and I wanted to get back home very soon. Like others, I found, however, the Bohemia of to-day is easier to reach than to leave, and those who travel there are not welcomed very enthusiastically on their return. We read in Scripture how the Prodigal Son travelled in Bohemia, but he managed to get away at last. Some people never get away, and live their lives in trying to persuade themselves that their surroundings are brilliant and unconventional, knowing full well that in reality they are only vulgar, sordid, and debauched. That is why so many Bohemians die of drink—for drink at least does help one to forget.

18th June.

MY DEAREST,—It is indeed a thousand years since I have written, but there has been in the interval that which is better than the best book that has ever been written. The sound of your voice and the sight of your eyes. The summer is travelling on so rapidly to the winter death that must succeed it, and to what I dread more than death itself, the parting with you that the winter brings. However, let us live while we can, and I will try and tell you how I passed last week away. I went to Ascot, where you

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would not come. Why? When you give a reason, or indeed, have a reason for your actions, the sky will fall, and there will be such a bump.

So I went to Ascot because I was obliged to, and was rewarded for my performance of an unpleasant duty by a delightful time.

The house-party was very small. An English diplomat who had married a Russian Princess, a Guardsman who resembles the White Knight in *Alice in Wonderland*, and a young lawyer of mediocre abilities and immense political and, alas! social ambitions. Of all the ambitions that are the most pitiful, the social ambitions come the first. And at Ascot they are very self-evident. But I have not finished with my house-party. Last, but by far the nicest, come the host and hostess and especially their two daughters. Very pretty, and not very, very young, but very high spirits, lovely manners—the manners I have spoken of—those that come from the heart. And the best hostesses that can be seen. For their father has been a Governor of a great Dependency, and his daughters have been taught how to entertain. No one of the guests was ever "out of it," and yet no one knew how carefully he or she were being watched and cared for.

It was a wonderful example of people who are clever people and kind.

I had another example of people who are gentlefolk during that week. Mrs. Gray and her sister came to luncheon one day during the races. I met Mrs. Gray, as you know, on board the steamer going to East Africa. She and her sister, Mrs. Seymour, have always lived away from London and out of the world of fashion, and are at the same time the two greatest ladies of my acquaintance.

They are fairly young, very, very handsome, not very well off, and possess a great power of enjoyment. We had luncheon at the —— Club Tent, and I suggested when we had finished that we should adjourn to the Enclosure.

Mrs. Gray said "No," as neither she nor her sister had enclosure tickets; and when I tactlessly asked why they had not applied in time, she only said that since she had never been to Court, she would not receive one. She said it without the slightest *gêne*, merely making a statement of fact that did not require comment.

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All through my acquaintance with her and her sister I have found them absolutely devoid of the snobbery that is the poison of *all* classes of society in London. I have known two other people devoid of it, and only two—Sister Sally and D. I wish I could say it of myself. The epitaph that would be the proudest a man could have would be :—

“He earned a Victoria Cross—he wouldn’t tell a lie, he was unselfish, and he was not a snob.”

By the way, ten years ago old Lord Middlesex, who was immensely rich, very amiable, slightly pompous, and the adored of the toads, decided that he should mix more freely with the masses, and so entered a ’bus, and directed the conductor to go to 183 Grosvenor Square, which was where he lived! Now what is the moral of this story? His friends and toads, who told it everywhere, said, “Isn’t it beautiful?” and drew the conclusion that he was the greatest of great gentlemen. Others merely looked upon him as a peculiarly ignorant and silly old man, and wondered why the story was told! What is your conclusion? Perhaps you haven’t got one!

Good-night.

23rd June.

The waste-paper basket has been busy lately. Do you remember the description of “Madame Guillotine” in the Revolution? How she was hungry!

So is your waste-paper basket, and you have fed her royally—and with my effusions.

Well, it is a lesson not to “effuse” when I write to you, and as a Sunday in the country is, as a rule, devoid of incident, I will compose instead.

This evening a man called for a subscription towards one of the London Missions. As I was in the garden in front of his nose, I had to make a hasty decision between the two courses of subscribing, assisted by tea and buns, or driving him away with oaths and lawn-tennis balls. I chose the former, and was polite, and rewarded for my politeness. He was most interesting. He works among the poorest classes of London humanity, and described his experiences and his views.

And at the end he said, “I am a Conservative—at

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least, I am not a Socialist—and I believe that the present order of society, altered to suit the times, is the best! But do you realise how near we are to a red revolution?" And he went on to describe the bitterness of the feeling of the poor towards the well-to-do! He said that this strike might very possibly be the beginning of the revolution—that he, who knew and worked among the people, would not be surprised if the worst excesses of the French Revolution were repeated—such is the feeling of the masses—and finished by saying, "Unless the rich make the concessions that are vital, God help you and me, for I and the likes of me will suffer the same as you!"

Perhaps the Radicals are right after all—even from the selfish point of view. It is better to keep half than none. He was most interesting, for he held such strong convictions, and so was more impressive.

Alas! during his impressive peroration my new dog bit him in the calf of the leg, and he departed in a most unmission-like way. Still, he had been instructive, and must have eaten nothing all day, for he devoured five buns, unaided except by tea.

Good-night.

25th June.

MY DEAREST,—To-day you nearly lost your middle-aged friend, for while I was harmlessly motoring down from London to Sally's house, the motor-car of Vice-Admiral Rabbits, filled with female Vice-Admiral Rabbits's in large hats, made a determined attack upon my own innocent motor, and smashed it to smithereens. Thank goodness, my motor sold its life dearly, and the road was filled with bits of female Rabbits's, while the air resounded with their cries. Eventually the pieces were picked up and sorted and stuck together, and, having exchanged names and solicitors' addresses, we parted. So I am in a law suit, and, as I am absolutely right, I shall probably lose it and be mulcted in immense damages.

And I am now without a motor. Well—well—well.

How shall you be painted? I know the gown that I should like, but you must choose, for you know better than I. Don't have a hat—or, at least, don't have a hat that hides your eyes. For though you are altogether lovely, there is that in your eyes which cannot be written.

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Some time in the past—although you forget it—you have gazed into the “great beyond.” And the wonder and the glory which you saw there have washed away the meannesses and sordidness which one sees in the eyes of all others, however beautiful they may be, and the wonder and the glory have remained in *your* eyes and left the expression that is so wonderful—the glory of the great beyond.

And at the back of your miniature, as it is with all the other miniatures, your name will be engraved, and, in addition, I will put below your name the words, “My Heart.” And those who come after us will read it, and will know how intensely I have loved you, and they will see the expression in your eyes and understand.

Good-night.

30th June.

MY DEAREST,—You are now in the Valley of Decision. We strive to form our lives as we wish, and Providence humours our puny efforts as a nurse indulges those of her infant charges. Then when our childish antics cease to amuse, Providence—who is, after all, our nurse—says, “Time’s up. Put away the toys,” and makes us do what is intended for us, and our will and wishes fade away into the nothingness from which they have sprung. This is what has happened to you. The overturning of the hive of bees has been to you a delicious anticipation of theoretical adventure, and you have gloried in your theoretical daring, while you have more or less contentedly accepted the less adventurous situation of reality.

Now Providence, in the shape of your family, tells you that the present situation is untenable and insufferable, and that our intimacy must cease. So you write and tell me that now we have come into the Valley of Decision, and that you have come already to the end of the Valley, and that in four months’ time we must take the irrevocable step. We shall take together the step across the river that divides us from affection, friendships, all the ties of a lifetime—and repute. And why are we taking it? Because you have taught me, and I have learnt the lesson, that all that matters, all that counts, is love! This letter is the sound of the footsteps of one who is also at the end of the

"LOVE LETTERS FROM ——"

Valley, and who has always known that there is only one way out, and is gladder than he can say that the time has come at last. I do not think that you will ever read this letter—at least, not yet! But do you not think perhaps that you, dear heart, may not find that the Valley is longer than you think, and that perhaps you have not yet come to the end? Four months is sometimes almost four ages. And a great deal may happen—even indecision—in an age. We will wait and see. Still, one thing is certain—and that is that I rejoice to get your letter. Thank God! you are ready to take the step, and I shall take it with you rejoicing, and we will face the stings of the bees, side by side together, and supporting each other lovingly and tenderly to the end.

Shall I ever show you this letter? Perhaps, some day! After we have crossed the Rubicon, but only some time after, lest you should think that I have doubted. And it may be better that you should think that I have doubted, and then you will see that you were so much to me that you have vanquished doubt.

Will there be war in the autumn?

I do not believe it. All will be patched up somehow. And yet the danger is far greater than it has ever been before. For this question is not in the hands of a few. It is the hatred of four different peoples for a fifth, and they need a leader only to lead them where they intend to go. Should war break out in reality, we will visit it together!

Dear heart, do not think that I have ever wavered. All I want is you, and you only, and your whole self. If you pass out of the Valley of Decision in the same mood as you are now, I shall have all that the world can give me.

Good-night, my darling!

God bless you and keep you.

10th July.

DEAREST,—I wanted to meet all your people, but I long to meet your mother most of all. From the very first I wanted to know her—even before you talked much of her. Chiefly, I think, from curiosity to see *your* mother. Now I want to know her for herself, for the way in which you talk of her makes her very lovable and very wise. The

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only reason against it is that I should find it difficult to resist talking about you. Then she would guess everything, and telephone for the police. All your family will do that when I steal their dear sister, and I am going to do it all the same.

I wonder if you realise what we are going to do? Surely! for you have described it as "overturning a hive of bees."

And yet you do not hesitate. Your world—although it is a small one—is very dear to you, for you love some people, and there are so many who worship you. And you have taught me the truth of the lesson that all that matters, all that counts, is love.

Have you counted the cost truly and gravely? For you are throwing away the love of many for the love of one. You are giving the affections of a lifetime for the affection of a man who, as far as you were concerned, did not exist a year ago!

You have asked me this same question, but for me it is so different.

For since you have taught me, and I have learnt that it is only love that matters, I am giving up nothing. Perhaps I have more of the tinsel than you—the tinsel of place and power, although my place and power is "tinsel" indeed. But I have never had the real thing—love—except from Sister Sally, and that she will always give and I will always keep.

Do you realise the hard things that will be said of you? The same will be said of me, but then they do not hurt a man.

They will say of you dreadful things, for even the poor tinsel of which I spoke just now has charms for some people, and they will judge you by the depths of their own little souls. And therefore, my darling, you see that you are giving everything, and I nothing, for you will lose all that you value, and I will keep all that I value after you—the love of Sister Sally, that will always be the same.

God bless you and keep you.

I kiss you very tenderly, very lovingly, very reverently, my own.

"LOVE LETTERS FROM —"

15th July.

MY DEAREST,—The Almighty in his wisdom has created two remarkable people—Napoleon and Edie. Napoleon has perhaps made more name in history than Edie, but he was not more remarkable.

As you know, Edie is my brother's wife. Eccentric, original, clever, loyal, and irresponsible. A chatterbox, but her chatter is amusing, and from its originality is delightful. Thoughtless to a degree that almost drives one wild. One night, during last year, the neighbours were entertained to dinner at 8.30. She was told to be punctual, and as at 8.25 I descended the stairs practising the smug smile of hospitality, I met her strolling off to have a hot bath. And yet, in spite of the fearful passion into which I flew, I knew the whole time that on account of her quality of loyalty alone all should be forgotten and forgiven.

Among her other characteristics she is guilty of a passionate love of oysters, and, having heard that Bagg's was the place to buy them, she went there. Finding on her arrival that she would have to sit on a high stool and eat them at a counter, she suspected that it would be better to take them away with her, so she had them opened and put into a paper bag, and entered a hansom cab, where she devoured them during her drive down Piccadilly, throwing the shells out of the window one by one.

I wish that you knew her! There is only one Edie! She lives in Canada, where she astonishes the Canadians a good deal, and the Anglo-Canadians a good deal more. . . .

Between Two Stations

By Anthony Wharton

FROM the Junction I had had the compartment to myself, but at Enniskeane three men emerged from the refreshment-room and got in. They looked at me in turn apathetically, and bunched themselves at the other end of the carriage, where they sat in fidgety silence, breathing noisily and fragrantly.

One was an old man with a large white face, bushy grey whiskers, and silly pale-blue eyes. His upper lip, remarkable for its length, was clean-shaven, a refinement which increased a general impression of senile foolishness. He also suffered from a distressing difficulty in respiration. His clothes were decent, and I decided that he was a well-to-do farmer with nephritic trouble.

Opposite him sat an unmistakable pig-jobber, who wore a pair of orange-coloured leather gaiters, and spat with miraculous fluency. Beside him sat a stalwart, sunburnt nondescript, with a three days' growth of bright-red bristles, and wisps of straw tied gaiter-wise about his corduroy trousers.

These latter two plainly regarded the old man with considerable respect. They addressed him as "Mister Dunnyelly"; he called them respectively "Riordan" and "Barny."

My discreet observations had reached this point, when another arrival distracted my attention. A jovial red face appeared at the window, and a cheery voice asked:

"Anny room in there, me lords an' genelman?"

The door of the carriage was shut, and the owner of the red face carried in either hand a formidable and mysteriously outlined bundle. A porter happening to pass at the moment, the red-faced man accosted him with easy familiarity.

"Just open that door for us, will yeh, Mickey?"

Now the porter was a very young porter. Also he was

BETWEEN TWO STATIONS

not a mere porter, to-day. To-day was fair-day at Enniskeane, and, additional vigilance being deemed necessary, the young porter had been temporarily promoted to the dignity of assistant ticket-inspector. To have opened the door would have cost him, in time, not three seconds, but in dignity, how much?

"Open it yerself, can't yeh?" he said surlily, and passed on his important way.

The red-faced man looked after him for an instant; his lips tightened and his brows came together, but he said nothing, and when he turned his face to us again it was as jovial and as cheerful as ever. He put down the two bundles, opened the door, and got in, his twinkling eyes running from one of us to the other with instantaneous appraisal of our respective values. I failed utterly to imagine what business or occupation his might be, but his opening remark, addressed to the company generally, satisfied me that he was, in his lighter moments at least, a humorist.

"Begob," he said, with a sniff of mock luxuriance, "the whiskey they sell in Enniskeane has a bluddy fine bookay, annyway."

The others greeted his pleasantry with stony silence, and stared at him with cow-like impassiveness for some seconds. He met their regards, however, with a smile of such assured self-possession that their eyes shifted from his and strayed uneasily about the walls of the carriage. The pig-jobber expectorated profusely—sometimes out of the window, but mostly on the boots of the nondescript, who, however, made no effort to remove them from the zone of fire.

"Tickets!" said a curt voice suddenly, and the young porter stood magnificently imperious in our third-class midst.

All the tickets were forthcoming except, curiously enough, that of the humorist. When the others had been humbly proffered, suspiciously examined, truculently punched, and disdainfully returned to their respective owners, he was still searching, though without undue haste or anxiety, in the pockets of his shabby frieze overcoat.

"Hurry up!" said the young porter, tartly. "I can't be standin' here all day for yeh."

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The red-faced man paused in his search.

"Oh, don't trouble about me," he said pleasantly, "if that's all's keepin' yeh."

"Have yeh got yer ticket?" asked the young porter, icily.

The red-faced man—arms akimbo—surveyed him with a galling smile.

"You're a gran' railway offishul," he said enthusiastically. "You're a lovely puss for stoppin' a runaway thrain wid."

"None o' yer lip, now!" growled the outraged functionary. "Gimme yer ticket if yeh have wan. If not—get owo' the thrain."

"Who'd put me out?" asked the red-faced man.

"I wud," said the young porter.

"*You* wud? Yeh *wud* . . . me neck!"

"Aye wud I . . . an' dam sharp too. Gimme yer ticket, I'm tellin' yeh now."

"Yirrah, shut up, for Gawd's sake," said the red-faced man. "Am't I lukkin' for it? Don't yeh see me tearin' me clothes for to find it."

Whereupon he launched into extravagant pantomime, opening buttons with frightful violence, turning pockets inside out, clapping and slapping his person with ludicrous irrelevance, all the time eyeing the porter, all the time keeping up a running fire of exclamations, and making with his tongue a clicking noise expressive of intense annoyance.

Finally, with a sigh of resignation, he hoisted up on the seat a disreputable boot and began to unlace it.

"Lookut here now, me joker," said the young porter savagely. "No more o' yer tomfoolery! Gimme yer ticket or get owo' the thrain!"

"Bluddy wars! don't you see me thryin' to find it as hard as I can?" asked the humorist, indignantly. "I've thried everywhere else—so it *must* be in wan of me boots. Tell yeh what"—affably—"you search me left an' I'll do me right. Save time—as you *are* in such a hurry."

At this juncture the guard appeared at the door to discover the cause of the delay.

"What's all this confushin?" he asked, severely.

The young porter explained, and his superior's face

BETWEEN TWO STATIONS

clouded menacingly. Seeing that his jest had gone just far enough, the humorist winked at me delightedly, and simultaneously assumed an expression of imbecile stupefaction which transformed his countenance out of all recognition.

"Well. . . . Glory be to God!"

He removed his bowler hat and extracted from the greasy lining the missing ticket.

"Shure! Wasn't it in me ould hat all the time—an' me lookin' in me boots for it!"

He spoke as one in a dream. I regret to say that I was unable to repress a smile. The young porter saw the smile, and, furiously conscious of defeat, snapped the ticket, punched it, flung it back, bounced out of the carriage, and slammed the door viciously behind him. The guard whistled; the train gave a jerk, and began to move slowly out of the station.

The red-faced man settled himself in the corner opposite mine and looked about him with an air which alike invited applause and defied censure.

"That young scut'll open the door for me next time," he said, though without any trace of exultation.

There was a little silence, broken unexpectedly by the voice of the old man at the other end of the carriage.

"It's a dangerous thing havin' anny words wid a railway company," he said sententiously, avoiding, however, the humorist's eye.

"Aye it is," said the pig-jobber.

"It is that," said the nondescript.

The red-faced man cleared for action promptly. He moved down along the seat with disconcerting rapidity and leaned over until his face was within a few inches of Mr. Donnelly's.

"What's that yeh say?" he asked. "I didn't hear yeh rightly. Spake up! Don't be afraid!"

"I say," repeated the old man, shutting his eyes to avoid seeing the red face, and nodding his head doggedly, "I say it's a dangerous thing havin' anny words wid a railway company."

"Now!" commented the humorist.

"There was a man I knew meself," went on the aged one, his eyes opening and shutting in growing fear of the

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red face. "I knew him meself—an' up at Mar'boro' Stashun he had a dog . . . a small dog . . . in the carriage wid him. Knowin' as well as you or I do that he had no call nor lave nor licence for to have anny dog in anny railway carriage. Well, sir"—here his courage temporarily asserted itself, and he looked the enemy full in the face—"well, sir, the guard came, an' he said right or wrong the dog shud go in the dog-box, an', what's more, says he, he must have a muzzle on him . . . an' you know as well as I do that the regulashuns an' bye-laws lays it down that if anny man has anny dog"—here he began to pound the cushion with his clenched fish—"in anny railway thrain whatsoever, that dog shall have a"—(a desperate struggle to get breath)—"a muzzle on him. An' in the face of that, in the face of that clear law an' rule, this man held out agen the guard that he'd have no muzzle on his dog. In the end, sir, the guard threatened to have him putt owo' the thrain if he didn't give way; an' then he said, takin' out a han'ful o' money an' throwin' it to a chap as was along wid him, 'Go,' says he, 'an' get a muzzle for the dog, and get another,' says he, 'for that puppy.'"

It would be impossible to describe the haughty insolence with which the aged one indued this speech. His eyes blinked in foolish fierceness and he frowned ferociously. The humorist grinned.

"Well," said he, "gowan wid yer story."

"Well, sir," said the old man, "the guard brought an akshun agen him, an' he got four month."

With which dramatic climax the narrator shook himself with spirit, then lay back in his seat and looked to see whether we were duly impressed.

"Rats!" said the humorist. "Four tall hats!"

"He got four months, I tell yeh," cried the old man shrilly, "an' was fined forty pound into the bargain."

This last was too obviously an afterthought, and betrayed the aged one irretrievably to his enemy.

"Cod!" said that gentleman, simply. "You've got hould o' the wrong end o' the stick, me ancient friend. In the first place, did he say 'Get a muzzle for that puppy' in such a way as clarely indicated that he was referrin' to the guard an' not to annywan else?"

"Go," says he," began the old man, "'and get me a

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muzzle for the dog, an' get me,' says he, 'another muzzle for that puppy,' pointin' to the guard."

"Oh!" said the red-faced man. "He pointed to the guard, did he? You forgot to menshun that the first time. Are yeh shure about that pint, now?"

"Go," says he——"

"You said all that before. What I want to know is, are yeh shure he pinto to the guard? Come, now! Spake up!"

"I am shure," said the old man, jerking his head spasmodically and beginning to gobble angrily. "I am shure. I tell yeh I was in the carridge meself when it happened."

"Oh!" said the red-faced man. "Yeh were there yerself, were yeh? You didn't tell us that the first time, either. Well, now, I may as well tell you, once an' for all, it isn't akshunnable for to call a man a puppy, whether you do pint to him or whether you do not."

"I tell you the guard got him four month an' forty pound of a fine."

"Nonsense!" said the red-faced man. He turned suddenly and waved his hand in my direction, oratorically:

"Now, here," he said, "is one o' the ladin' an' mos' larned solicithors at the Junyior Bar. He may or he may not know me, but I know him. An' he'll be an imparshul judge on this great question of law. Whether it is or is not akshunnable to call a man a puppy."

He grinned at me amiably; the others regarded me in silence. With due solemnity I expressed my opinion that it was not actionable to call a man a puppy. As a habit, perhaps inadvisable, but—

"I grant yeh that," said the red-faced man. "Unadvisable, certainly. Jest the same as it's unadvisable to tell lies, even by way of improvin' the morals o' yer fellow-thravellers."

Here he favoured me with a wink which defied analysis.

"Lies!" said the old man. "Do you mean to say that I've told you lies? I've told you no lies. 'Go,' says he, 'an'——'"

"Tut-tut! me dear man," said the humorist, "I may as well inform yeh that the thing didn't happen at Mar'boro' at all. It happened at Lim'rick Jungshun, an' I was the

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man as had the dog—an' I can't remember seeing you in the carridge on that occashun at all."

The old man stared at him feebly and helplessly. The others stared at the old man. The train slackened speed and drew to a standstill.

"Fayn'rdstown," called a porter.

All four arose, but the red-faced man allowed the others to precede him. He smiled at me engagingly behind their backs as he gathered up his baggage.

"Honesty is the best policy," I said.

"A little of it," he replied slowly, "judishusly blended wid your ornery conversashun."

"Half-and-half," I said, laughing.

"For a third-class smoker on the Gra'suthrn'westhrn, say . . . twinty per cint. Good-day to yeh, me larned friend. Next time we meet, mebbe it's wearin' a black cap you'll be."

He climbed down on to the platform and disappeared. I saw him again, standing at the wicket gate of the station. He saw me too, and, having made a gesture to express the passing of something around his neck, pulled strenuously on an imaginary rope. Then he blew me a kiss, and passed through the wicket.

Prehistoric England—II

(Housefinding)

By Arbiter

My friend always does things in a hay-rush manner, so I was hardly surprised when one morning she broke into my bachelor seclusion with the greeting: "Now I've come up to look for houses"; and before I could rise from my chair, she was shouting neurasthenically into the telephone.

It was "buzzing" badly that morning; for the last two days I had been unable to use it.

"Good Heavens! Is this thing a megaphone, or a cheap gramophone?" she said with a pretty air of entreaty. "It's a very queer instrument, isn't it?"

"It's only out of order," I began.

"Damn!"

It always puts a man at his ease when a lady says "Damn!"

"Let me . . ."

"But I must send Charles a message. Oh, dear! I might have known your telephones usually are out of order. I'll send, you know—what do you call them?—a *petit bleu*."

"There is no such thing in London," I retorted.

"What! no *Rohrpost*, no lovers' post! Why, whatever do you bachelors do?"

"When the telephone is out of order, we wire," I replied with dignity.

"But you can't say convenient things in a telegram, can you? Why, they have a tube-post in every capital on the Continent. Haven't you got a parcels post tube delivery either?"

I shook my head.

"You are not in America or Germany," I said. "I believe for ten years now efforts have been made to obtain a concession for an underground parcels delivery, and that

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at last progress can be reported; but such matters take a long time with us. There is Parliament in the way, you see, and the politicians never bother about anything that is not political—vote-catching, that is. Then there is the principle of England, that what was good enough for our fathers . . . ”

“Prehistoric!” she threw in; and the word seemed to put us in good fellowship at once.

“Like your ice,” she continued mischievously.

“Our ice?”

“Yes,” she said. “I don’t mean your annual three days’ skating crisis. Your ice in summer. That tepid champagne you drink in the restaurants. You can’t get ice in summer, I’m told. They serve the best Rhine wines in the most expensive restaurants luke-warm, don’t they? It’s a kind of hospital luxury, like radium, and almost as expensive. And when you do want some in cases of illness or emergency, you get it all ‘fishy.’”

“Champagne *frappé* is not a British taste,” I urged, somewhat nettled.

“But you love the icy draughts down your neck and back,” she retorted. “Do you know why I’ve come up?—oh, yes! to look for a house, of course; but really because I couldn’t stand your country-house draughts any longer.”

“My dear lady, I always thought . . . ”

“I simply couldn’t ‘stick’ it. You know ‘Northlands,’ where I’ve been staying—Tudor—prehistoric, and what not, the great hall, the huge dining-room, the long corridors, and—that east wind. No central heating. Yule-tide log fires, the cheer of the season and the rest of it, and we women with bare necks and shoulders! Gales everywhere. Too draughty even for ghosts. All the footmen sneezing and coughing. I sat in my fur coat after dinner. In bed I had woollen bed-slippers, more ‘woollies’ on, and pyjamas, and about five blankets on top and a rug—and then I froze. I have never been so cold in my life; never even in Russia, with a temperature at zero. It blew all the time, down your back, up your legs. I assure you, sitting at dinner in that big, draughty room was like camping at Spitzbergen; so I fled. I told Lady Shepperton I couldn’t face it. The only warm place was in the bath; but then the towels weren’t warmed, and the bathroom

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window was so draughty, I had to dry myself in the bedroom. Oh, yes, I had a fire there. I shocked the hostess terribly by insisting upon my fire being lit before I got up. Really, it was too painful touching the ice-cold fingers of the other women in the morning, staring at their goose-flesh shoulders across the dinner-table. No, really, in America we would not dare ask people to stay with us in such conditions. And why do you? That's what I want to know. Why suffer tortures, when you might so easily have warm houses? Why, dear me! whatever have you got on?" and she flitted across the room towards me like a bird, and began to pluck at my Norfolk jacket. It was true I had not expected her. I was sitting in my ordinary morning attire, and as she spoke it suddenly occurred to me that perhaps it did look a little bulky.

"Well, I declare! a sweater underneath, and what else? Oh, but this is delightful!" and she laughed so gaily that I began to see the joke myself. At her request, I counted up the things I was wearing; and in truth they did make a goodly apparel. A thick woollen vest, a woollen shirt, a sweater, a fur waistcoat, and over that a thick Norfolk jacket; and underneath the table my feet were ensconced in a fur muff. Yet I was none too warm. It was the only way, I had found, to prevent catching cold, sitting at work at my table; and when we had done laughing about all the different articles of clothing I had on, it was about time for luncheon.

On the way to the restaurant she wanted to look up the address of a shop, and so I told the taxi-driver to stop at a post office; and not finding a postal directory on, or near, any of the inconvenient niches provided for telegrams, I asked a young man behind the counter for the book, who, to my utter astonishment, informed me that they had not got one.

"Do you mean to say that you don't keep postal directories in the post offices?" I said.

He assured me that such was the custom.

"But how can I find out an address?"

"You may get one at the Central Post Office, in the city."

It was the fact. No postal directory in a post office! The *Botin*—kept in every café and restaurant in Paris

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and Berlin and Vienna, and even St. Petersburg, the book of books, not to be had in the capital of six millions; not "stocked" even in the post offices! When I told my friend of my failure, she nearly embraced me with delight.

"London is too splendid!" she exclaimed. "The city of fond delusions. No lovers' post. No postal directories. The worst telephone service in Europe. Hardly a window that shuts properly. Prehistoric hotels. Shops like nightmares. Midnight closing and bolted suppers. Just fancy, no places for the poor to dance, and after every six days of muddle and labour, a kill-joy Sunday of negation! It's too wonderful almost to be true. Well now, let's see if we can't get something to eat."

We had quite a nice little luncheon in an Italian restaurant, and then over the coffee my friend unfolded her tale. She wanted a house, only a small house, a dining-room, a drawing-room, a study, six bedrooms, and, of course, a bath, electric light, decent drainage, and as she had two little children she naturally wished to be near a park.

"Not on the main road," she explained, "those 'buses are too noisy. I'm sure Park Lane will be turned into shops in a few years' time. What I am looking for is just a nice, 'comfy' little home, easily run, off the main streets, where I can sleep, and the children can have the suggestion of a tree and a bit of green. No, I don't like Chelsea—it is too low. Isn't it in the 'Wood' that the artists live? That's it. I've heard of dear little places there, with cuckoo gardens and funny old walls—Bohemian, yes; I don't care a pin about an 'address.'"

"About," I said, selecting and lighting a corona, "about what price?"

"Ah," she said lightheartedly, "that's just it."

"It is," I returned sententiously, but she took no notice of my gravity.

"Tell me, how much must you reckon for rates and taxes—isn't that what you call them?"

"I believe," I said, "one must count on well over a third of the rental; say eight shillings in the pound."

"My goodness! That's a good deal. On a hundred, now . . ."

PREHISTORIC ENGLAND

"On a hundred pounds rental," I came in, "you may put it at forty pounds."

"Then if I pay £120 rent, that makes a total of . . ."

"It varies, you know; but roughly, on a rent of £120 you must expect to pay certainly £45, or £165 per annum."

My friend looked pensive for a moment, and I could see she was calculating.

"One ought not to pay more than an eighth of one's income on rent, ought one?" she inquired presently, and I assented, for my dear Aunt Polly had always been emphatic on the point.

"Then a thousand-pound man, with rates and taxes, ought not to pay more than . . ."

"Well, not more than one hundred and thirty in all, if he is wise. It is a foolish thing to live up to one's rent. There are holidays and . . ."

"Of course, a hundred things. Well, now, there we are. I'm a thousand-pound woman."

"I congratulate you," I said. "It is a good bourgeois figure."

"Yes," she said, "I'm a four-figure woman, so I want a house at a hundred a year."

"Then allow me to tell you that you won't get it," and having flung these words at us, a spruce young man whom I had noticed listening to our conversation at the next table, rose up with a bow and, politely placing a card upon the table-cloth, he informed us that he was a house agent. He apologised for the interruption, but he could not help overhearing our conversation, and, as a business man, he could not help taking part in it.

I confess I was annoyed, but the smartness of the young man apparently pleased my friend, who begged him to sit down at our table and give us of his information; nor did the youth require any further solicitation.

"For a hundred pounds," he said, with the air of a man who knows what he is talking about, "you can get nothing."

"Nothing?"

"*Nothing!*" Whereat the young man pulled out a gold cigarette case and lit a cigarette.

"Come, Mr.," and my friend here scrutinised the card,

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"Mr. Jakes-Blenkinsopp-Addiscombe, do you mean to tell me . . ."

"Unless you're a buyer, of course," he added quietly.

"But I'm not a buyer. I haven't any capital. Why, I was told that land was being ruined! Nobody buys houses to-day . . ."

"Don't they?"

"Well, do they?"

"It's the only way to get a house at all—a decent house," the youth replied. "Everybody is a buyer to-day. If you want to live cheaply, you must buy, Madam."

"Is that so? Well, now, you astonish me."

"Of course, if you are prepared to pay a premium."

"A premium! Say, whatever's that?"

The dapper agent now looked important.

"A premium is a sum of money paid for the privilege of getting a house, assessed on improvements, position, locality, or estate . . ."

"Hold on. Estate! What do you mean?"

"Well, some people like to get into this man's estate, some into that man's. I've a nice little house now on the P—— Estate, if you care to put on a roof."

"Put on a roof! Whatever are you talking about? I'm not a builder."

"No, Madam. But weren't you saying you wanted six bedrooms? You see, the up-stair rooms are only attics in that house. If you put on a roof, now, you could make six bedrooms out of that place, and then you're on the P—— Estate."

"But isn't the landlord of that estate one of the richest men in England? Isn't it his affair to put on roofs and things?" and at this remark the youth broke out into quite a noisy peal of laughter.

"Excuse me," he said, "I'm afraid you don't understand the house estate business."

"I don't, evidently," my friend retaliated tartly. "Pray enlighten me."

"Well, Madam, it's this way. London, you must know, is in the hands of a few big landlords, who thus control the whole house question, and their policy is—generally speaking, mind you—do nothing. They own the land, see; the houses, so to speak, are the fluid estate. A man takes

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a house, puts in a second bathroom, say, builds out or makes some permanent improvements, and when he goes out he wants his money back. Naturally. He made the house habitable, for the time; he demands some return for his outlay."

"And the rent?"

"The rent goes up, of course. You've heard the saying, 'Fools build houses for other men to live in.' Well, you may say about the London house problem that 'Men build on to London's houses to put more money in the landlord's pockets.'"

"Are you a Radical," I observed, "or a County-Councillor?"

"No, sir," the young man returned politely, "I'm a house agent, and I'm telling you the facts. The story of London houses is simply this. Tenants building on to, keeping up, improving the landlords' houses, and all the time the rents going up for those who follow. The premium represents the public's gamble. Some gain, others lose. I bought up a lease, now, the other day, put two hundred on to it, and got a premium of five hundred from an old lady who wished to live in that particular neighbourhood. The landlords do nothing. On the Crown Estate, now, you will find derelicts . . ."

"Derelicts!"

"Quite so. Bare walls, Madam, and nothing else. No bath. Only gas. No hot-water system. Bad drainage. Blackbeetles by the score in the basements!"

"Good Heavens! All for a premium, I suppose."

"Certainly, Madam. If you want to see what I mean, go into St. John's Wood."

"But that's exactly where I do want to go," said my friend.

"Well, I can show you four houses there now at your price. In two of them there are no bathrooms. In none of them has the electric light been installed. They are just brick walls. Now, if you care to spend four hundred . . ."

"Do you mean to say there are houses in St. John's Wood without bathrooms?"

"Plenty, Madam."

"But I thought you English invented the tub."

"A myth. There are hundreds, thousands of houses

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in first-class residential districts, S.W., Belgravia, with no baths, no electric light, no modern improvements of any kind, with rents from £140 to £190 a year, and premiums, too, for the privilege. Prehistoric! That's what I call it."

"Prehistoric! Mr. Jakes-Blenkinsopp, you are immense. But whatever am I to do? I can't buy. I won't pay a premium. Can't you find me a house, now, at a hundred and twenty?"

The young man closed his eyes in meditation.

"Three sitting-, six bed-rooms, bath, electric, near park," he repeated. "Suppose you'll keep three or four servants?"

"I certainly shan't," said my friend. "Two is quite sufficient, with a nurse. That's why I want a small, easily-run house."

"Can't be done," returned Mr. Jakes. "I know the sort of place you want. Some years ago you could have got it in the 'Wood,' but to-day, why, people are paying premiums to get in there. It's going up, the 'Wood' is now. I sold a derelict there only last week. Client putting a seven-hundred estimate on to it, two bathrooms, wiring, draining, roofing, enlarging. Such a place, too! Railings on house-steps broken, floors all giving way; only decent thing belonging to it, an old tree in the garden. No, you might get a terrace house in West Kensington or Bayswater, but you can hardly run these under three servants nowadays."

"With ninety stairs, I know, and varicose veins all round. No, thank you."

"Well, Madam, what can you expect for a hundred and twenty pounds?"

"But at an eighth, that means a thousand a year. Do you mean to tell me a citizen can't live in London on a thousand a year?"

"Not if you want three sitting-rooms and six bedrooms, bath and electric, near the park, and you won't pay more than £120."

"What about flats?"

"Flats! You would have to pay a minimum of two hundred and fifty for the accommodation you require."

"Surely, there are cheap flats."

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"I wish there were. You see, you want a lot of rooms."

"Well, but now, what about those droll little houses in Victoria Square? They look about my mark."

"Victoria Square! People pay big premiums to get in there. If you'll give £240 rental and a premium, you might get one, with luck."

"What! Over three hundred a year to live next Victoria Station! See here, now, are you joking?"

And at this remark, Mr. Jakes smothered his cigarette on the plate and rose.

"I've told you nothing but the truth, Madam," he said, "and so you'll find it. I've got to see a client at 2.45. Perhaps you'll ring us up when you see anything you like. We can always arrange a mortgage, you know." And so saying, with a bow and a smirk, Mr. Jakes-Blenkinsopp and Co. adroitly retired.

I now felt it was my turn to show some initiative, and so, calling for the bill, I paid it; and then we drove to the important agents, Messrs. Wherewithal & Allfinder. Mr. Wherewithal himself received us, chatted about the state of the market, and finally gave us a slip of paper with permits to view four houses.

"Nothing else up here," he said, "at your price. You see, if you won't buy, it's a bit difficult."

However, we were not discouraged. We drove to another agent, heard much the same thing over again and got another slip of paper; and after that we sought other agents, so that by four o'clock we had no fewer than six pieces of paper with the prospect of twenty-nine houses to view.

By five p.m. we had seen ten "derelicts," as my friend delightedly called them, all unsuitable, being either the tall, narrow, gloomy type of Terrace house with dark basements, which my friend abominates, or mere walls unmodernised in every respect, most of them with big, draughty windows, which could be of no use to anyone.

After tea we started out again. More Terrace houses in dirty neighbourhoods, big, old-fashioned barracks requiring at least three servants and an ingoing outlay of some three hundred pounds, and all these my friend rejected, saying: "I could not live in such places," and many of them she did not even go into, so miserable and dirty did they look.

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It was seven in the evening before we desisted, and by that time we had seen twenty-three out of the twenty-nine houses given to us, and not one among them seemed even "possible," except perhaps one rather quaint little two-storied house in Notting Hill, which hadn't a bath or hot-water system, or electric light, and showed traces of having "moved" from the effects of the tube railway which ran underneath.

In the morning we were out betimes. We went to more agents, had more interviews with sleek youths who handed us bits of paper in the mechanical fashion we had now grown used to, and whenever we saw a principal and explained our requirements, he told us it would be very difficult.

"I know what you want," he would say, "but, you see, at your figure," and this sort of thing went on for three weeks, interviewing agents, inspecting houses, until my friend said to me, "I believe that spruce young man, Mr. Jakes, was right, and that there are no houses—decent houses—with even relative modern comforts in London, where a four-figure widow with a family can live."

"Well," I said, "that wasn't a bad house we saw at Swiss Cottage."

"Yes, but the neighbourhood! And then it's on the wrong side; right down the hill, in the 'pea-soup,' which seems to hang over that part. It seems a dreadful thing to put little children in a place like that. No park. In the smoke. And a four shillings' cab-fare from Covent Garden!"

"But that is how we Londoners live," I replied.

"Apparently it is. I can't understand it. In Berlin, now, I can get a beautiful flat for £120. But here you people seem to live in the conditions of fifty years ago. Hardly even a well-fireplace in these houses! In America we don't have these absurd, dirty old grates with half a hundredweight of ashes in the morning to be taken away, and dirtying everything in the room. The ashes fall into a shaft leading straight down the house to the dust-bin, and it saves a servant. Here these houses all seem to be built with the object of provoking labour. Dust everywhere. I haven't seen a 'dustless duster'——"

"A what?" I inquired.

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"A dustless duster. I suppose you don't even know what that is. It absorbs the dust instead of scattering it about—as your old-modish dusters do."

"Rather a good idea," I remarked stupidly.

"A clean idea, at any rate. It's the principle of the vacuum cleaner. It simply means that people don't eat as much dust and dirt as you do. But, look here, what shall I do for a house?"

The next thing we tried was advertising. We followed the advertisements in the newspapers every morning, and one day my friend came to me in quite a flutter of excitement.

"I think I've got a house this time," she said; "read this," and she handed me a cutting from a newspaper. I read as follows:—

"Charming panelled, detached House, old-world in tone, yet thoroughly modernised, to be let for the absurd price of £70 a year, with small premium. The accommodation comprises panelled dining-room, old-beamed ceiling; most charming drawing-room, with ingle-nooks, dado, French latticed windows, and a study (panelled). Five superb bedrooms, dressing-room, bath (h. and c.), electric light, main drainage, the house standing in its own grounds; near Park, every convenience. Owner unfortunately obliged to quit this bucolic residence, as he is leaving England. Unique chance for artist with children."

We drove straight to the agent, who smiled somewhat as he gave us the "order to view," and in another ten minutes we stood in front of the house.

The whole thing was a fake; the panel was stained wood, the beamed ceiling was merely paint, the bedrooms were tiny, the windows were all draughty, the doors had all "started"; it was one of the dampest, "wheeziest" derelicts we had seen, just done up with a bit of skill to entice the unwary houseseecker.

The lady who lived there took us round with a brave show of enthusiasm, but when we got to the garden my friend could contain herself no longer.

"And the bucolic tone?" she inquired.

"Well, we consider this a sylvan retreat," exclaimed the lady, who was wearing a bright red and blue apache scarf over her shoulders. "Surely, this old brick wall looking over the canal is most artistic."

"It's old, certainly," said my friend, knocking out the top bricks with her umbrella, "but a nice place for

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children! Why, they'd fall into that slimy old canal there."

"That's a matter of opinion. In Holland the canals——"

"Don't stink, of course. But do you know I believe, if you don't get out soon, this artistic residence will come tumbling down on your heads, it looks so worn and ramshackle."

And after that it was not long before we were ushered out. But we had other "attractive" advertisements to look into. Here is another that interested us:—

"Near Sloane Square.—Charming two-storied family residence. Six bedrooms, three reception, light basement. Admirably suited for small family. Bath; modern in all respects. Only nominal rent of £120 asked."

And when we went there we found it was merely an old, dirty place in a dirty street, which my friend declared was only fit to be an asylum for mangy cats, though the agent insisted that the address was S.W., and that he considered it a highly desirable residence.

This particular agent was high-handed and disdainful.

"People think nothing of a rent of £250," he said. "If you want a house, you must pay for it. You can't expect to get a well-built house with all the modern improvements for a hundred a year." And then he told us that people who could not afford to pay lived in the suburbs, "in the builders' jerries," he went on, "where all your neighbours know how much your washing-bill is and—treat you accordingly."

But this was undiplomatic of him, for my friend has a caustic tongue.

"And let me tell you, young man, that you agents don't know your own business. I told you I wanted a house, and you take me to a slum barrack. You never give any real information. It's a game of bluff, that's what it is. Your man sent me to a house yesterday where there was no key, so I couldn't get in. I went to see another house of yours, and it was already let. You sit there in your offices and hand pieces of paper about, and trust to something coming of it. You just waste your clients' time, and half the while you don't even know the houses you have on your books. Don't abuse the suburbs. London's houses are infinitely worse. If the agents did business like that in

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America, they wouldn't sell a five-dollar tombstone in a twelvemonth."

As time went on we found the agents left us alone, not even "posting" us, as if their concern was to get rid of the few houses inscribed on the original lists, and there to leave it, at our pleasure. For a week my friend thought seriously of the suburbs, where the girls ride on their "lads'" motor-cycles; but she could not bring herself to face that. "I haven't a lad," she said, "and I hate motor-cycles." She thought of Hampstead, but Hampstead, she found, was rather an expensive place, and the moment you got above the childless married couple's "Bijou" house, the rent rose in ferocious disproportion.

"You can live in London if you have no children," she said to me once, after a particularly tiring day's hunt; "but if you happen to have a family you need two thousand a year, or resign yourself to 'pig' it"; and after she had said that we sat for a long while in silence.

"I had no idea you Londoners lived in the way I see you do," she resumed. "Our friend, Mr. Jakes, was perfectly right. Nothing is done, nothing can be done, because London is in the grip of a few landlords who live on the proceeds of the money other people expend to keep up their houses.

"There are no good, small, cheap houses, I can see. First of all they were never built, and secondly there is no one foolish enough to spend his capital in building them. And there are no cheap family flats. If you want to live in London on a thousand a year, and you happen to have a couple of children, you either have to get into a rubbishy old house and spend five hundred on doing it up, or 'stick' it, or you have to make up your mind to spend a good seventh of your income on rent and taxes. It is evident that thousands and thousands of good people, and the intellectual people of this country, are living in conditions of extreme poverty, discomfort, and dirt, simply because the rents and taxes are so high and the houses are so old-fashioned and so ludicrously built that they require a posse of servants to run them. A man's home is, after all, an important matter. But how can anyone with any fine feeling be happy, in these wretched old narrow-roomed houses they charge anything from £130 to £200 rent for in

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London? I couldn't live in them. It would destroy my self-respect. No wonder the garden suburb idea has 'caught on.' I'd rather be a Golders Green girl hanging on the arm of a hatless, knickerbockered, green-tied Fabian than live in perpetual draught in those prehistoric houses in Ebury Street, for example; or in Bayswater. And even the rich men's houses are not much better. Look at those 'sausage-pillared' Eaton Square places with huge ground-rents! Do you think they are beautiful, or comfortable? I've been into lots of these big houses, just to see. An army of servants; one bathroom, the ugly-shaped, tall, cold rooms, the dirty basements! No, these rich folk are not much better off, except when they spend a lot of money on their houses. The fact is, London's houses are an anachronism. They are as out of place in the modern life as the cab-horse is in the streets. For a woman like me, with a little taste, a moderate income, and a small family, there are no houses, and I suppose I shall have to put my babes into lodgings at Westgate and myself take a bachelor flat."

"It does seem an awkward business," I said, as she appeared to have nothing further to say. "It's deuced lucky for me I'm not married, for I've only seven hundred and a bit a year, and if I married a poor girl I should have to live at Ealing. But let's go and look up that Blenkinsopp chap again. He seemed to know what he was talking about, and perhaps, if you asked him to lunch, he might become more responsive and responsible"; and so, in due course, Mr. Jakes came to eat with us.

He had nothing, he told us, he could recommend. The usual old four walls, nothing at all at our price, and, moreover, he was emphatic we should not get it.

"You see," he explained, "there are two reasons. First of all, everybody wants to realise, which means that they want to sell, and to this there is the Lloyd George 'funk,' which is partly political. Secondly, London is over-populated. Yes, over-populated. We haven't the houses; there are no small houses going. Everybody wants a small house, owing to the servant problem. Those who have money and want to get out of the worry of the old-fashioned mansion wait for a house, and pounce down upon it with a premium. That's the game. The hotels, the numerous

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so-called residential hotels that have sprung up in recent years are all full. London is chock-a-block, no room, no houses. It's a bad time for us agents. It's a bad time for all house-hunters, and, as you know, there is a shameful scarcity of flats. The demand is greater than the supply—that's the difficulty. The only district I can think of where you might find what you like is Battersea."

"But there is no tube there, or anything. One might as well live at Wimbledon."

"Quite so. Some people prefer to. After all, you'll have to take what you can get, you know."

"Then you don't think I will find a house?"

"Not the sort you want. No, not unless you will pay at least £150—which means over £200 a year."

"But, tell me, has everybody living in these horrible houses an income of fifteen hundred a year?"

"A good many, yes. A great many people live—anyhow. They don't care what their houses are. All the money goes on the walls."

"My goodness; And the remedy, Mr. Jakes."

"Mr. Lloyd George might tax the landlords into selling or doing something," the agent remarked thoughtfully. "Otherwise——"

"Yes, otherwise—what?"

"Otherwise, the only hope I can see lies in another great Fire of London, when new houses would have to be built up; and they might be built with modern improvements."

"Incendiarism!"

"That's it; wholesale and deliberate destruction. If only the women would take it up. It's very serious, I assure you. It's positively the only way——"

"For a thousand-pound man with a family to live in London."

"Or a hundred-pound man either. Half the houses of the poor are verminous and unfit for human habitation; and half the other houses are rotten."

"Derelicts!"

"Barracks!" riposted the agent.

"Soot-holes!"

"Only fit for boarding-houses!"

"Prehistoric!"

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"The very word, Madam. Excuse me, but I must go, for I want to see a lady about the sale of a sausage pillar in——"

"Heaven help her," said my friend—and she is still searching for a house, a little more philosophically, perhaps, now; and I, too, have grown mellow with the experience.

Eve's Pigpen

By Vicente Blasco Ibañez *

Translated by R. B. Townshend

THE evening meal of rice was simmering over the fire; work had ceased for the day, and the hungry eyes of the harvest-hands who had been reaping the crop were fixed expectantly on the pot while their ears listened to Uncle Correchola's chatter. He likewise sat watching the pot—a lean, wiry old man, through whose half-open shirt you might see the mat of grey hair that covered his skinny chest. The firelight glowed on the faces of his hearers, burnt almost black by the torrid sun of southern Spain; from their bodies arose a rank, strong odour, the result of the long hard day's work, impregnating with rude vitality the superheated air of the kitchen; through the door of the farmhouse, under a violet sky where one by one the stars began to peep, the harvest-fields glimmered in half-light, pale and indistinct; part of them had already been close shorn, and now radiated back the day's heat from their cut stubbles; others, still clad in their waving mantle of tall corn, trembled under the first draught of the breeze of night.

The lean old man complained of the aches in his bones:

"How dear we earn our bread! . . . Well, well, it's just our ill-luck, and that's a thing there's no cure for. Poor men there always will be as well as rich, and those of us who are born to suffer had better get used to it. Ay, and I can tell you just how it came to be so, my sons, for my old grandmother, she told me the whole story. It was Eve who made the trouble, Eve who was the first woman. And seeing as the fault was hers, her daughters must take the blame of it, mustn't they?"

He chuckled mirthlessly; and then, seeing that the

* Vicente Ibañez is perhaps the most interesting of living Spanish writers and is practically unknown in England.

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other harvest-hands, strangers to the place most of them, seemed willing to hear more of Eve and the trouble she had made, Uncle Correchola began to tell in his racy Valencian the woeful ill-turn once done by the mother of mankind to the poor.

The trouble began, it appeared, long after the expulsion of our first parents from Paradise and after the Almighty had laid on them the curse that they should earn their bread in the sweat of their brow. Adam now spent his days breaking the clods and trembling for his crops, and Eve sat in the door of their cabin mending her garments of fig-leaves; while every year there appeared another baby, so that by this time they had a whole swarm of ravenous youngsters round them, crying for bread, and poor Adam scarcely knew which way to turn.

Every once in a while some stray cherub would flutter down their way, just to take a peep at our planet, and fly up again with a report to the Lord of how the exiled pair had got along ever since that first transgression of theirs. And on one after another of these stray cherubs poor Eve lavished her sweetest smiles. "Little one, little pet," she would call in honeyed tones, "are you from above? How is the Lord? When you speak to him, tell him that I have quite repented of my disobedience. . . . Oh, how comfortable we were there in Paradise. Tell him we work very hard here, and our only desire is to see him, so as to be sure he is not angry with us any longer." And each heavenly visitor replied: "You shall have your wish," and with two flaps of his seraphic wings disappeared amid the clouds quicker than eye could follow.

Message after message was sent like this, but Eve found that to none was any attention paid. The Lord never appeared, and, according to such news as reached her, he was so extremely busy managing the boundless realms of space that he had not a single moment to spare for Earth. One morning, however, a celestial messenger stopped before the cabin.

"Hark'ee, Eve. If it's fine this evening, like as not the Lord may come down and look in on you. Only last night when he was talking with the archangel Michael he said to him, 'Well, now, how are those two miserable sinners getting along?'"

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Eve was quite taken aback by the idea of such an honour as a visit from the Lord, and excitedly called out in order to tell Adam, who was working in a patch not far away, his aching back bent double as usual. Oh, the fuss there was in the house! Just exactly the way it is here on the eve of a village feast when the women have been in to Valencia to buy things and come back with all their purchases. Eve sprinkled and swept the entrance to cabin, kitchen, and parlour, put the new counterpane on the bed, scrubbed the seats with soap and sand, and then, to make herself extra smart, slipped on her very best skirt and made Adam get into his Sunday kilt of fig-leaves.

"I've got every mortal thing ready for the Lord at last," thought she to herself, when a noise assailed her ears; it was the squealing of her numerous progeny. There were twenty or thirty of them by this time—goodness only knows how many—and how ugly and horrid a sight for the Almighty! their hair all in a tangle, their noses unwiped, their eyes all bleary, their bodies plastered with dirt!

"How am I to show him these ragamuffins?" cried poor Eve. "Of course, the Lord will say I'm a bad, careless mother. Men don't know what it is to fend for a whole pack of children."

After some hesitation she picked out her pets (what mother doesn't have them?), washed the three prettiest, and with a few slaps drove the rest to the pigpen, and there, despite their squeals, she shut fast the door on the whole bedraggled miserable litter.

She was none too soon. Down from the sky there came a great white cloud, and the realms of space rustled with the beat of innumerable wings, while from infinite distance the music of the heavenly choir softly died away in a mystic, monotonous refrain of hosannas. Now, the celestial visitors lit on the earth; now, they were marching along the road, shining so bright that it seemed as if the stars had dropped out of the sky and were walking among the wheat. First came a group of archangels, the heralds of the host. They sheathed their fiery swords, chucked Eve under the chin, telling her she didn't look a day older and was a fine woman still, and, in their free and easy soldierly way, they marched where they liked over the

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fields and hopped up into the fig-trees, which made Adam swear to himself silently, fearing they wouldn't leave much fruit there for him.

After them arrived the Lord, his locks shining silvery-bright, and on his head a crown flashing like the sun. Behind him came Michael and all the ministers and grand functionaries of the heavenly host.

The Lord greeted Adam with a good-humoured smile, and, patting Eve's cheek, he said:

"Well, pretty one. A little soberer than you used to be, eh?"

Much affected by his kindness, our first parents offered the Lord an armchair. What a chair it was too, my sons! Wide and comfortable, built of good sound locust wood, with an esparto grass seat of the very best quality—a chair such as the village priest himself might use.

The Lord, settling himself into it with much content, inquired how things were going with Adam, and was told what terrible work it cost him to earn a living for his family.

"That's good," said the Lord, "very good. That'll teach you not to take your wife's advice a second time. Did you think you were going to find this place as soft an option as Paradise? Now you just go at it, my son! Work and sweat! that'll teach you not to set yourself up against your betters."

And then the Lord, half sorry at being so sharp with him, added in a kindly tone:

"What's done is done, and the curse I laid on you had to be fulfilled. My word does not alter. But now that I've been inside your house, I don't like to leave it without a mark of my goodwill. Look here, Eve, bring me over those children."

The three ragamuffins stood in a row before the Almighty, who examined them attentively for a while.

"You," said he to the first, a boy with fat chops and a portentously solemn face, who listened with a frown on his forehead and a finger in his mouth, "you shall be the judge who judges his fellow-men. You shall make the law, and you shall decide what constitutes a breach of the law, and you shall change your decision every few years; and you shall punish all breaches of your law with the

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same punishment, which is precisely like curing all diseases with the same medicine."

Then he pointed to another, a dark-skinned lively youth who went about with a big stick in his hand that he threatened his brothers with.

"You shall be the warrior, the commander of armies. You shall press men into your service and make them march before you like a flock marching to the slaughter-house, and those very men, your victims, shall applaud you for the deed. When the people see you encrimsoned with gore, they shall fall down and worship you as a demigod. If others kill, they will be criminals. When you kill, you will be a hero. Water the earth with blood, put the cities of men to fire and sword; kill, burn, and destroy; and the poets shall sing your praises, and historians write your exploits. Others who do such things, without having a soldier's licence to do them, will be thrown into chains and left to die in dungeons."

The Lord thought within himself for a moment, and then turned to the third.

"You shall be sole owner of the wealth of all the world; you shall be the grand financier; you shall be the loan-monger who lends to kings and who deals with them as their equal; and if by so doing you bring a whole nation to ruin, the world will admire your financial ability."

Adam wept humbly in his gratitude, while Eve, restless and trembling, tried to say something, but could not find words. Her motherly heart was racked with remorse as she recollected those other poor little ones out there in the pigpen excluded from the distribution of birth-rights.

"I don't care. I shall show them to him all the same," she whispered to her husband.

Coward Adam, as usual, murmured objections:

"It would be too presuming. The Lord will be angry."

At that moment the archangel Michael, who was distinctly cross at ever having been dragged down to the house of those reprobates, tried to hurry his master:

"Lord, it's getting late."

The Lord got up, and the archangel escort, dropping out of Adam's fig-trees in a hurry, ran to present arms as he came out.

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Eve's remorse was stronger than Adam's timidity. She ran to the pigpen and flung the door wide open.

"Lord, there are more of them here. Something, something, for these poor little ones!"

The Almighty looked astonished at that grubby, dirty swarm, scrambling in the pig-manure like a coil of worms.

"I've nothing left to give," he said. "Their brothers have got it all. I'll think it over, my good woman; we'll see about it later."

St. Michael tried to push Eve away and keep her from bothering his master, but she kept on begging:

"Something, Lord. Give them something! What are the poor creatures to do in this world?"

The Lord, in a hurry to get off, was just turning to leave.

"Well, here's the lot I'll give them," he flung at her over his shoulder. "They shall be the servants, and their business shall be to support the others."

"And from those unfortunate ones," said the old reaper, with a nod of conviction, "from those whom our first mother hid in the pigpen, are descended all we who daily bend our backs to toil upon the earth."

Training Citizens at Munich

By C. Smith-Rossie

(Based on the sixth Jahrsbericht of the Munich Pflichtfortbildungsschule, and the Lehrplan of these schools as organised by Schulrat Dr. Kerschensteiner and contrasted with the special Report of the L.C.C., 1913, giving accounts of the previous eight years' technical education and continuation schools.)

SOME of us believe our great British Empire will soon be on the rocks owing to the fatuous ignorance of our electorate, who imbibe what little knowledge of government they possess from street-corner patriots or pothouse politicians. To all who believe thus I commend the subjoined account taken from official sources of how Germany (more especially Munich) is leading the way towards a better method of training her future voters.

Continuation schools for lads between fourteen and eighteen are compulsory in most of the German States; and the work is done, not in the evening (as in England) when the lads are weary from their day's work, but during two afternoons weekly and Sunday morning. By the Imperial Labour Law of 1891, all employers of labour are compelled to permit their employees of the masculine sex under eighteen leave of absence from work to attend these classes, and, in addition, permit of such extended leave that each student shall be able to arrive at the school washed and brushed and tidy in appearance. (Very different are these rules from the *laissez-faire* of the L.C.C. continuation schools, which, though frankly admitted now to be more or less a failure, and remodelled this winter, yet are doomed to failure for ever unless some approximation is made to Germany.)

Mein Herr, the German Schulrat, looks on education from a very different point of view from us; he believes that even in the humblest trade, or even in unskilled labour itself, men become the better citizens if they are taught the rudiments of citizenship and are awakened to broader views of life and the world than can ever be obtained in

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the skip-jump-and-off-you-go fashion with which the British elector often approaches the polls. Most of our benevolent and patriarchal squires and parsons who crowd the benches of our County Councils to administer our costly Education Acts would condemn with sulphurous warmth some of the subjects the German States make compulsory under severe penalties. It is not so much unkindness as the point of view we take, viz., that any other education except the "three R's" and the technicalities of some trade is a sheer waste of time and money—or even worse—so far as the working classes are concerned. "Giving these lower classes swelled heads, don't you know!"

The German upper classes are even more full of class prejudice than our own, but science and philosophy are far more widely extended; and the education authorities (though as little anxious as our own to bestow "swelled heads" on the students of the Fortbildungsschulen) perceive that it is precisely the *more ignorant the voter, the less solid the Government*—just as the more any artisan has narrowed his intellect to one sole groove of his trade, the less likely is he to become a real workman or inventor or capable unit of Empire!

To waste hundreds of thousands of pounds on costly evening schools (as the L.C.C. have done) without any definite co-related courses, or power of compulsory attendance—this is what the German municipal councillor would regard as the "swelled head" of a fool who fancied that a stick would become a horse by sitting on it long enough (as George Eliot says). And the fact (as told in the last Report of the L.C.C.) that about one-third of their enrolled students altogether desert the costly classes after a few hours (fourteen, to be accurate, spread over the year) of attendance would only awaken the idea in a German that it was what might be expected from such a silly and wasteful system. (From the L.C.C. recent Report we read, at p. 64, that 40,000 out of an enrolled number of 130,000 failed to attend; and that during the session 1911-12, out of 13,500 classes which were opened, 2,600 had to be closed because the attendance was below the minimum.)

And the reason for the wasteful failure of the London system is just because they have not adopted the German system of trying to *make citizens* (not mere artisans or

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clerks, &c.) out of the raw material. And to a certain extent this is admitted in the L.C.C. Report at p. 93, where the Divisional Inspector states:—

“It is in the restricted intellectual outlook of so many evening students, and in their failure to realise their own deficiencies, that the chief obstacle to the development of English work lies.”

“The rapid advance in technical education in more than one Continental city—notably Germany—is due in part to the thorough *literary* training on which it is based.” (*Italics are mine.*)

Now let us turn to the “Lehrplan of the Munich Continuation Schools,” fortified as it is by compulsory powers and work-in-the-daytime. Here is how citizens are taught all over Bavaria, but best of all at the capital city of Munich, because in the latter the courses are all co-related for every kind of trade, skilled or unskilled; even those lads who are backward (not defective)—the *Hilfsschüler*, as they are called—being provided with special courses to suit their condition. And in all the training in citizenship, with its rights and responsibilities, runs like a golden chain binding each to all, and teaching those elements of civic and State science, without which a voter must become the prey of any tub-thumping sharper who sees it to be of advantage to bewilder a crowd with fiery speeches.

The course of instruction runs over three years, and consists of from seven to nine hours weekly. Religion is taught by a minister of the religious belief of the student, but it is taught on the week-day, whilst the citizenship courses usually run on the Sunday. “Sunday-school,” as understood by lads over fourteen in Munich and Bavaria, means instruction in matters *relating to the Empire or the city or the parish*, the constitutional rights of the Reichstag and of the Bavarian Government, the Imperial and Bavarian system of taxation, the system of local government, &c. One lesson deals with the duties of mayors and other municipal rulers; another gives information as to voting for elected authorities; another gives instruction in the value of insurance. Had such lessons been given in our British Sunday-schools, would there have been such an outcry when the State Insurance Bill became law? No fear! The German knows the value of thrift and insur-

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ance and "putting by," because he has been taught the value.

But the citizenship classes teach the duties of a citizen with no narrow view to voting alone. Citizenship includes the due care of each household and of the individual health; since none of us can be said to be valuable citizens unless both our households and our health are safeguarded. The proper forms of nourishment, food, recreation, and the special injuries of particular trades are all explained.

Although there are fifty-five different trade courses in the Munich system, I prefer to glance specially at the one arranged for chimney-sweeps, because the very idea of a course of study for such men will make many of us smile. Of course, it is a simpler course than that arranged for, say, shopmen or dentists, but it is lofty enough in all patience to make the hair stand on end of the L.C.C. It is held in a large and handsome edifice built for the purposes of these Fortbildung courses, and the spectacle of the chimney-sweeps sitting at their desks listening to the lectures, illustrated by fine models arranged on a table before Mein Herr, the Lehrer, is almost too impressive for British risible faculties to sustain. For, mind, these courses are not simply for master sweeps: they are for every lad between fourteen and eighteen who intends entering the trade.

The account of this "Fach" school will be found at p. 157 of Dr. Kerschensteiner's "Lehrplan" (published by Carl Gerber, Munich), and there it is told that the course runs for three years, and consists of eight hours weekly, which are spent in acquiring not merely mechanical knowledge of chimney-sweeping, but also the power of trade drawing and of trade arithmetic. Citizenship, including hygiene and the power of writing letters, together with religion and a subject that goes by the name of "aufsatz," are also taught—the latter being rather peculiar.*

"Aufsatz," if you look the word out in the dictionary, is said to mean something placed on top of another, such as a top stone in a building, or an ornament finishing off a pillar. And it is exactly in that sense we must understand it. "Aufsatz" is the finishing of the citizen—the last few touches which will enable him to steer his boat safely through the dangerous places of life. "Aufsatz" also

* Aufsatz means essay or composition.—ED.

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means culture and a taste for the "beautiful and the good." It is for want of "aufsatz" that a self-made millionaire fills his fine library with classical authors, but never reads their pages. It is for want of "aufsatz" that a well-meaning but boorish man often offends more than a selfish blackguard.

The German sweeps in Munich are taught the "aufsatz" of polite letter writing both to friends and superiors, and they are also taught by lectures and readings how to admire the great German dramatists and authors. (Das Lesen soll zur Freude am Gutem und Schönen erziehen und ein Gegengewicht gegen die Schundliteratur schaffen!)

But perhaps one of the most deeply interesting of the Fortbildungsschule is that which has been arranged for those lads who, though free from physical and mental defect, are yet backward owing to any untoward circumstance of their surroundings. Such lads are the torture of the best English school-teachers. They abound in the "half-time" districts of England, where they form a menace to all the others, and a drag-weight against all progress of the better advanced. Germany has long ago abolished the "half-timer," and has in nearly every State made strict regulations against such child-work as will militate against education; yet even in Germany there are some backward children whose presence in an ordinary class would destroy its usefulness.

The backward child is, naturally, not to be found in any of the skilled trades, and it is not taught a trade, but only a certain amount of handicraft work to develop its manual dexterity. If the laborious work of unskilled labour be the natural fate of such a child, at least let it be able to perform that labour reasonably well. And, even so, let the backward child learn some taste for good reading, and some knowledge of the pitfalls and precipices over which its poor little wayward feet may one day trip! Nay—*mirabile dictu*—since this child, when a man, will exercise the vote under the German Universal Suffrage system, it also must be taught something of the rights and duties of citizenship, and why there are burgomasters, and town-halls, and that fearful potentate in Germany—Der Schutzman! The backward child more than any other is likely to fall some day into the hands of the police. Let him

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learn, therefore, the causes that may lead to that. It has been calculated that at Wandsworth Prison some 40 per cent. of all the lads under twenty who entered the prison gates in one year were all afflicted in some way or other by bodily or mental defect. Yes, they were the Lost Legion of Civilisation. And of that Lost Legion the backward child is a great part. Our police missions try to gather them up and give them another chance of regaining their foothold; but of what use? They have gravitated to the Lost Legion because there alone was their place. If we regret the fact that such a Legion exists, let us try to prevent the backward child remaining backward as Munich is doing.

A whole world of common-sense ideas is thrown open to these backward children in the *Hilfsschule* of Munich. They are not simply taught the "three R's," but also how to write all sorts of letters, how to compose reports, how to give evidence in a Court, how to conduct a simple business without shipwreck on some hidden legal point. They are taught all about the post office and the City Government; all about the simple forms of buying and selling, and of discount and interest. They are taught all the main facts that may affect their future lives, and about the hygiene of their bodies and the danger of alcohol, and the value of different kinds of food. They are taught about the prison, and how to avoid it; about the famous monuments that reflect glory on Germany, and the finest places of interest in the city. They are taught polite behaviour, and many other things affecting everyday life.

And to afford manual dexterity, the *Hilfsschüler* are taught wood-carving in a most elaborate style, and manifold gymnastic exercises.

The unskilled labourer is, as we know, the great stumbling-block of all efforts to advance the working classes. And with us the numbers of unskilled labourers are increasing by reason of the minute specialisation of every kind of machinery. It is this specialisation that brings about that dull vacuity of outlook which tempts to the public-house; and it is this specialisation which causes so often good men to be thrown helpless on the rubbish heap when some sudden change in machinery has thrown their special work out of request.

Munich and Berlin are both working hard to eliminate

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this kind of unskilled labour from their midst. And so earnestly has Munich taken up the idea that there are only about one in nine of her lads who are not learning some trade in the Fachschule. But still there remains a residuum of one in nine; and this is the way Munich trains them to be citizens. She has what is called a Bezirke, or district continuation school, to which all her lads between fourteen and sixteen must go who are not attending a trade school. There they learn religion and the other knowledge given to the students in the trade schools as to citizenship, health, and dietary, as well as the laws that relate to labour and the general facts regarding the Empire. But because it is known that unskilled labour is to be their means of livelihood, an extra effort is made to fit them for it by giving extra play to their muscles and sinews. Gymnastics, dry swimming, and various vaulting-poles are here compulsory; and games are arranged for them to play with certain kinds of balls that resemble somewhat our English tennis or handball. Then, after the gymnastics, come free bathing and swimming.

For girls, Munich has done little; but Berlin last April started a series of continuation courses for all unmarried girl-workers in industrial or commercial occupations, which, after the lapse of the next three years, will have its full complement, and may do wonders; for here, too, the citizenship course is to be given, even although women in Germany have not made much progress towards the suffrage. Trade subjects, trade drawing, arithmetic in a very broad sense, are also included, and the number of hours spent in receiving the instruction is to be 240 per annum (compare this with our students, who to the number of one-third fail to make more than fourteen hours per annum). It has been urged by the Congress of Teachers, 1912, that definite trade instruction should be given to the girls the same as to the boys, but Germany has too low a value of womanhood at present for such a thing to be possible. If girls were taught trades equally with boys, then they would oust the men from their situations, and this *Mein Herr* would not encourage.

I commend the thorough all-roundness of the German system, not only to those who have influence with the

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L.C.C., but also to those who have influence with provincial County Councils. For it is an open secret that English continuation schools in the provinces are just as much a failure as those of London, were the whole affair subject to such searching investigation. And especially I commend the German system to the consideration of those who fancy the new regulations that this winter will govern the L.C.C. schools will in any way alter their deficiency in attraction. It is only a few of the best students who persist in our evening continuation schools; for the others are tempted away by cheap picture palaces, cheap music-halls, and the general freedom of the streets; to which must be added the great difficulty which youths who have had a hard day's work must experience in evening study. We all know we could not teach the youth of the middle or upper classes under such circumstances, and to attempt to do so, and then blame the schoolmasters, is worse than foolish—it is simply wicked.

We must adopt the German system of afternoon continuation schools with compulsory powers, and schemes of study, not wildly chaotic as at present, but organised to suit each particular trade or unskilled labour. The L.C.C. has lately adopted organised courses for its junior students; thus young lads who take typewriting must also take English; but so long as there are no compulsory powers, it is obvious organised courses must always be slenderly attended—at least, if they are to be attended by those who most need them.

What County Council would dare make citizenship a course subject in any continuation evening school? What Sunday-school would tolerate a class for teaching the young people their duties as Empire-builders or pillars of society of the modern State? They may, indeed, be taught how things were done in the government of ancient Israel, but it would be thought a sin to teach them how things ought to be done in England of to-day.

Business is Business

By Office Boy

LORD CLAUD HAMILTON has suddenly sprung into an unenviable notoriety—oddly enough, as a business man. For it has a piquant significance that his now famous pronouncement (that he could not find an Englishman to manage his Railway) emanated from a Director who is not, technically, a business man. Still, there it is, the “nation of shopkeepers” can no longer produce a man good enough even to take in hand the reform of one of the worst-managed Railway systems in this country, of which it may still be said in Heine’s words that “the machines are all like men, and the men are all like machines.”

The interest in Lord Claud Hamilton’s pontification lies not so much in the appointment of an American General Manager, but in the underlying motive which prompted it. And here we have a matter of national importance; for he admits the inefficiency of his Railway system; because insufficient effort is made to keep touch with talent on his line; and because, through the excessive sub-division of departments, the members of his railway staff are “reduced to mere automata.”

It is true that the public who have used that line have long thought that something of that kind was the case; but for a Railway Company to come forward and publicly confess to its inability to find any Englishman in these Islands capable of putting things straight is so startling an indictment of our business methods and education that some good, we cannot but believe, must come out of it. If Lord Claud Hamilton’s speech has exposed the mismanagement of the Great Eastern line, it must not be thought that his action is unusual. On the contrary. All around, one hears of such cases. Now it is a publishing and printing firm (one only the other day) which puts in a young American to reconstitute and “save” the business; now it is this Company, now that; nor is the American business Manager

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unknown in Fleet Street This American business infusion is going on all the time; and not only that, but it has become almost a necessity. And that is the ugly truth of it.

Now the reason is obvious. It is the antiquated English system—the system of seniority, of finding “places” for the aristocracy—Lord Hamilton’s own position is a case in point—of jobs for the gentry, of directorships—directors who are not business men, who are made directors simply for the “draw” of their names, their titles, or political prestige; that system, in short, which may be described as a “dummy” board, drawing fat salaries while automatically and inevitably crushing initiative, talent, and so opportunities among the subordinates who do the work for them. It is the principle of our conservative insularity.

That genial scoundrel, Whittaker Wright, for example, traded on the system of “dummy” titled directors. One has only to think of the number of politicians who are directors to see the truth of it, and so long as there was no competition, it worked admirably. But that is no longer the position to-day. Competition is as furious in these times as twenty years ago it was lax. And the result is the failure of the system, crisis among the “dummy” directors, and the calling in of the American gentleman.

Lord Northcliffe was the first man in England to see the necessity of change, and the success of his newspapers is simply due to the introduction and application of stern business methods and, of course, to the larger vision which, in his case, amounts to genius. The secret of it is co-ordination, the perpetual process of sifting out and finding young talent, receptivity, all-round keenness because of the all-round opportunity provided; in short, the American system, which means opportunity.

Nothing else. In our old-fashioned business houses, everything is run in water-tight compartments, and to-day we can enter solicitors’ offices and see the exact replica of a lawyer’s office of Dickens, musty and dusty and moribund; the clerks, for the most part, literary “characters,” and but the black tin boxes that litter the rooms bespeaking any activity. In an atmosphere like that, the American gentleman enters, like a monsoon. His business is to seize and create opportunities. With our old system, that is impos-

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sible. And Lord Claud Hamilton is only voicing the hidden thoughts of many a partner and director, who sees his business shrinking, and wonders whether he will be able to take that shoot next year in Scotland, unless something radical is effected.

There is one other aspect—and there Lord Claud Hamilton spoke with some truth—the “comparative” lack of young talent, and that, again, though due largely to the absence of opportunity, is not unconnected with the “bogey” of sport. Can anyone suppose that the tens of thousands of men who spend Saturday afternoons watching paid men play “footer” for them are ever going to achieve much? And the plight of the “gentry” is worse. The whole Public School education is against the business training, against the nobility of work; and the one thing that a boy learns at these delightful places is “not to show any keenness for work.” It takes a lad five years, as a rule, after leaving school and the ‘Varsity, to settle down to the idea of work. It is not the brains that are lacking. The Englishman is certainly cleverer, individually, than the German; it is the system which unfits him for work, which unfits him to take off his coat in an office, or to go into business with any higher ideal than to get away always for the week-end and forget all about it. That is why the gentry, the ‘Varsity men, to-day, are so curiously ineffective. They don’t seem to be doing anything. All the time, the steps are being climbed by the “other” man, who never even acquired a “playing field” acquaintanceship with Balbus or Dido’s pyre. In this respect, Lord Claud is grimly right. The Englishman is allowing the uneducated American to come in and run his business for him, while the youth who spent eight years at school with the one positive result that he is able to make out a page of Juvenal with a “crib” and a dictionary, has to go out and take a post in the Border Police, or start a fruit farm in the New World, or accept some “soft” job or, in the last resort, persuade a moneyed girl to marry him. All this we can see going on wherever we look.

Mr. Thornton, at any rate, will probably give us a really up-to-date railway business; and, no doubt, other directors will follow suit and bring more Americans over to “buck up” their businesses. It is useless to complain.

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If we will have "dummy" directors and a system of education which is antiquated, and we will regard sport as more important than work, why we shall have to put up with the managers we deserve. The Great Eastern have taught England a lesson. We hope Mr. Thornton won't be too business-like, and "fire" Lord Claud, on the American principle that you get the "whack" on the man who gave you the opportunity. But, probably, in the first three weeks he will find half-a-dozen Englishmen on the line who, if they only had had the chance to study modern methods, would run the thing as well as he could.

In a Turkish Village

By Clare Morel Bey ("Cecil Mar")

"LET us take a caïque, and cross over to Eyoub," said Cyprian Bentinck.

"And see the witch of the well, about whom you were so eloquent at the Embassy last night," added Amy Wallenberg, looking up into her companion's face with a little mocking laugh. "You are as superstitious as ever."

The two were strolling through the Bazaars at Stamboul, making in a zig-zag line for the bridge.

It was the month of Ramazan, when good Moslems fast all day, and feast all night, the month of May, and of happy lovers.

They lingered in the dim aisles of the spice Bazaar, where the chattering Greek and Armenian vendors did not intrude with their insistent clamour. Here the Moslems sat in dignified ease, neither eating, drinking, nor smoking, the more devout even abstaining from swallowing their own saliva.

In little gilded niches above the archways captive nightingales trilled and shrilled in the heavily perfumed eternal twilight. Beyond the fretted iron portal at the end, a blaze of red, white and green, in a vivid patch of sunshine, proclaimed the vicinity of the flower market.

The caïque danced over the deep indigo waters of the Golden Horn. Seagulls rocked on the crest of the waves; an indescribable freshness and gaiety lay over the city, with its fairy tracery of mosque and minaret. Tapering cypresses and turbaned stones trailed up emerald green slopes, and stood sentinel upon their summits.

Amy's eyes smiled in the shadow of her large grey parasol. They shone deep and violet-hued beneath delicate defined brows. Her hair, reddish-gold, like Russian tea, lay in a heavy coil on the nape of her slender neck.

"What a girl she looks still," thought Cyprian, "in spite of her unhappy marriage, in spite of the hardness and pessimism she has affected since her widowhood!"

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The vigorous strokes of the boatman landed them at the little old-world village, which proclaims, with myriad voices, the soul-life of the people.

The leafy street was silent and deserted. In the quaint wooden houses, gleaming silver-grey through the foliage of fig tree and laurel, the inmates lay resting, or idly passing the time until the cannon-shot at sunset should release them from their fast.

Not a footfall disturbed the peace of the deep, verdant groves beyond the mosque. Only the birds sang. They passed through the shaded courtyard of the sanctuary, before which a guardian stood with drawn sword. The white marble floor was a mosaic of green and gold, where the blazing sunlight filtered through the luxuriant foliage of sycamore and plantain. White doves fluttered to and fro—the birds that Turkish mothers aver hold the souls of dead children.

Only an hour ago Amy had said that existence was a farce, that life was not worth living.

The little, pale, mutinous face, that was like a white passion flower, grew serious and half-wondering in its expression, as her feet trod the holy grove where centuries have garnered the flower of the Ottoman race. Little pieces of coloured cotton stuff, torn from the garments of suppliants, fluttered, a little note of personal pleading, on the railings which enclosed shrines and tombs.

"Happy, simple people!" said Amy, fingering the fluttering rags which made the railings look befeathered.

"Everything here seems so old, and at the same time so young! Do you know, Cyprian, I am thirty to-day, and feel, oh! *so* old, and so tired of everything!"

"You woman-child! You have just entered that fascinating time when tiny little traces of the past begin to add interest to a woman's face." His voice vibrated with tenderness, and he smiled down on the figure beside him.

"I am not of the stuff of which happy people are made, Cyprian," she said softly. "I have made too many mistakes, of a kind we have to pay for all our lives. Tell me," she added suddenly, "why you have never married."

"I once looked at a woman who wouldn't look at me, so I waited. Tell me something of your own life."

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She laughed nervously.

"Are you trying to peer into my heart, to extract the fragrance of days that are gone?"

"I only want to know whether you have remained true to yourself."

"Are we women ever able to be true to ourselves?"

"Amy! Why play at pessimism, and pretend life is a sepulchre? Do you remember the day when we stood together in the cornfield? The year before you married? It was a day just as lovely as this one. A lark was singing high up above us, and you threw up your arms as if your spirit longed to join it."

The violet eyes rested on his, a mist veiled them, as of unshed tears.

"And the day we drifted down the river? You lay among the cushions, such a sweet, tired thing, and I pelted you with wild flowers!"

"I have one of them still," she whispered.

His eyes flashed, but he was silent. He possessed the rare wisdom of knowing that there are moments when contact and words seem akin to grossness. Amy should come back to him in her own way.

"We were boy and girl then, Cyprian. That was all before I had 'caught the contagion of the world'!"

They sauntered up a shaded hillside. A sudden turning of the road revealed to them a deep, silent pool. Near it towered a giant plantain, beneath which sat a woman closely veiled. She seemed incorporate with the drowsiness of the landscape. Two dark, mournful eyes gleamed above her yashmak.

Beneath its folds the old woman smiled as she watched the strangers approach. It was the same old story that is ever told without words.

She did not move when the two friends stood beside her, but merely glanced at some little rush stools placed near the hollow trunk of the tree.

A low melodious voice, like far-away notes on an old spinnet, rose and fell.

"She bids us welcome," translated Cyprian, "and asks us to be seated, and to refresh ourselves from the platters she has placed within the hollow tree-trunk."

"Excellent!" exclaimed Amy, tasting the dish of

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yaourt sprinkled with rose-water, and smiling at the old woman whose gaze rested on hers.

"Come here," beckoned the woman, as she rose and walked to the water's edge.

Following the direction of her pointed finger, Amy leant over the grassy edge that encircled the greenish, glittering waters.

As she gazed, she saw within it the reflection of her own face next to that of Cyprian's.

She turned hastily, to find that he was still seated near the tree.

"Of course, you came and looked over my shoulder, Cyprian?"

"No," he replied seriously, "I have not moved from here."

"Strange! I saw you distinctly!"

The old woman gazed from one to the other, and crooned out little sentences.

"I have shown you happiness! Take what the gods send, and question not! Joy awaits you, after long sorrow."

Slowly, softly, Cyprian translated the sentences that fell in lilting Turkish. He placed a gold piece within the withered palm. The soft voice said: "Rich is your heart. Without the rich heart, wealth is a beggar."

She stood sentinel on the hill-top, watching the lovers return whence they came.

"She told us nothing at all," said Amy, looking shyly into her companion's face.

"Are you sure?" said Cyprian. "Amy, let us be frank with one another at last! We have belonged to each other always. I can forgive and forget all that parted us. Will you be my wife? Let us be married quietly in the Embassy Chapel. I shall be kept out here at my post for the present, but we can take one of those dear little houses on the quay at Therapia, and make up for all the years we have wasted."

Amy lifted her face to his, and he read her answer there.

In the solitude of the verdant hills the lovers captured their eternal hour.

Sunset was nearing when they reached the village. Women and children, closely veiled, grouped themselves here and there on the hillside near the graves of their dear

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ones. Black serving women spread white cloths on the ground, and fumbled in baskets containing provisions.

In the village street leisurely life awoke. Shutters were taken down, little shop windows displayed pyramids of coloured cakes, platters of milk dishes, piles of fresh and candied fruit.

Behind latticed harem windows was a flutter of pink and white, and the flashing of dark eyes.

Suddenly the cannon-shot proclaimed the hour of sunset.

A hum of many voices arose. Provisions and flowers were carried to tables outside the houses. Dignified little boys and girls, carrying lighted lanterns, placed themselves here and there, all eagerness for the feast.

The voice of the Muezzedin rang out from the minarets.

No one heeded the two strangers, who passed in their midst towards the water's edge.

As they re-entered the *caïque*, the brief twilight fell. The boatman crooned a quaint song, in rhythm with the powerful strokes of his oars.

Heavy with dreams, the mysterious night suddenly descended. The amethyst sea was strewn with a galaxy of stars, that lay around and above like blazing jewels.

The moon threw her silver mantle over hillside and trembling waters. A thin phosphorescent trail marked the passage of the *caïque*, which seemed to bear the lovers into the gossamer realms of fairyland.

When they reached the shore the air was full of the insidious and intoxicating perfume of slumbering flowers. The warm, scented, vocal night shed its magic over two hearts, who accepted happiness with all the humility and all the tenderness that sorrow alone can teach.

Dragons

By Norman Douglas

FOR a short while we stumbled along a torrent-bed, and I grew rather sad to think that it might be the last I should see for some time to come, my days in Calabria being now numbered. This one was narrow. But there are others, interminable in length and breadth; under the most terrible of them lies buried, they say, the birth-place of Praxiteles.

Interminable! No breeze stirs in those deep depressions through which the merest thread of milky water trickles disconsolately. The sun blazes overhead and hours pass, while you trudge through the fiery inferno; scintillations of heat rise from the stones and still you crawl onwards, breathless and footsore, till eyes are dazed and senses reel. One may well say bad things of these torrid deserts of pebbles, which, up to a short time ago, were the only means of communication between the lowlands and the healthier mountainous parts. But they are sweet in memory. One calls to mind the wild savours that hang in the stagnant air; the cloven hill-sides, seamed with gorgeous patches of russet and purple and green; the spectral tamarisks, and the glory of coral-tinted oleanders rising in solitary tufts of beauty, or flaming congregations, out of the pallid waste of boulders.

This in summer. Then comes a change. For their wintry convulsions are terrific, and in the upper reaches, where the banks are precipitous, many lives are lost in those angry floods that pour down their channels, filling the river-bed with a turmoil of crested waves. The Amendolea, near Reggio, has devoured unnumbered victims; the Mucone, they told me, "eats twenty Christians a year." At such moments, these torrents put on new faces, ferocious and pitiless. From placid water-ways they are transformed into ravenous monsters, Aegres or Dragons, that roll themselves seaward, out of their dark prisons, in tawny coil of destruction.

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And precisely this angry aspect of the waters has been acclaimed as one of the origins of that river-dragon idea which used to be common in south Italy, before the blight of Spaniardism fell upon the land and withered up the pagan myth-making faculty. There are streams still perpetuating this name—the rivulet Dragone, for instance, which falls into the Ionian not far from Cape Colonne.

A non-angry aspect of them has also been proclaimed as the origin: the tortuous wanderings of rivers in the plains, like the Meander, that recall the convolutions of the serpent. For serpent and dragon are apt to be synonymous, with the ancients.

Both these explanations, I think, are late developments in the evolution of the dragon-image. They leave one still puzzling as to what may be the aboriginal conception underlying this legendary beast of earth and clouds and waters. We must go further back.

What is a dragon? An animal, one might say, which looks or regards (Greek *drakon*); so called, presumably, from its terrible eyes. Homer has passages which bear out this interpretation—

Σμερδαλέον δὲ δέδορκεν, etc.

Now the Greeks were certainly sensitive to the expression of animal eyes—witness “cow-eyed” Hera, or the opprobrious epithet “dog-eyed”—altogether, the more we study what is left of their zoological researches, the more we realise what close observers they were in natural history. Aristotle, for instance, points out sexual differences in the feet of the crawfish which were overlooked up to a short time ago. And Hesiod also insists upon the dragon’s eyes. Yet it is significant that *ophis*, the snake, is derived, like *drakon*, from a root meaning nothing more than to perceive or regard. There is no connotation of ferocity in either of the words. Gesner long ago suspected that the dragon was so called simply from its keen or rapid perception.

One likes to search for some existing animal prototype of a fabled creature like this, seeing that to invent such things out of sheer nothing is a feat beyond human ingenuity—or, at least, beyond what the history of others of their kind lead us to expect. It may well be that the Homeric writer was acquainted with the *Uromastix* lizard

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that occurs in Asia Minor, and whoever has watched this beast, as I have done, cannot fail to have been impressed by its contemplative gestures, as if it were gazing intently (*drakon*) at something. It is, moreover, a "dweller in rocky places" and, more than this, a vegetarian—an "eater of poisonous herbs," as Homer somewhere calls his dragon. So Aristotle says: "When the dragon has eaten much fruit, he seeks the juice of the bitter lettuce; he has been seen to do this."

Are we tracking the dragon to his lair? Is this the aboriginal beast? Not at all, I should say. On the contrary, this is a mere side-issue, to follow which would lead us astray. The reptile-dragon was invented when men had begun to forget what the arch-dragon was; it is the product of a later stage—the materialising stage; that stage when humanity sought to explain, in naturalistic fashion, the obscure traditions of the past. We must delve still deeper. . . .

My own dragon theory is far-fetched; perhaps necessarily so; dragons being somewhat remote animals. The dragon, I hold, is the personification of the life within the earth—of that life which, being unknown and uncontrollable, is *eo ipso* hostile to man. Let me explain how this point is reached.

The animal which *looks or regards*. . . . Why—why an animal? Why not *drakon*=that which looks?

Now: what looks?

The eye.

This is the key to the understanding of the problem; the key to the subterranean dragon-world.

The conceit of fountains or sources of water being things that see (*drakon*)—that is, eyes—or bearing some resemblance to eyes, is common to many races. In Italy, for example, two springs in the inland sea near Taranto are called "Occhi"—eyes; Arabs speak of a watery fountain as an eye; the notion exists in England too—in the "Blentarn" of Cumberland, the blind tarn (tarn=a trickling of tears), which is "blind" because dry and waterless, and therefore lacking the bright lustre of the open eye.

There is an eye, then, in the fountain: an eye which

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looks or regards. And inasmuch as an eye presupposes a head, and a head without body is hard to conceive, a material existence was presently imputed to that which looked upwards out of the liquid depths. This, I think, is the primordial dragon, the archetype. He is of animistic descent and survives all over the earth; and it is precisely this universality of the dragon-idea which induces me to discard all theories of local origin and to seek for some common cause. Fountains are ubiquitous, and so are dragons. There are fountain dragons in Japan, in the superstitions of Keltic races, in the Mediterranean basin. The dragon of Wantley lived in a well; the Lambton Worm began life in fresh water, and only took to dry land later on. I have elsewhere spoken of the Manfredonia legend of Saint Lorenzo and the dragon, an indigenous fable connected, I suspect, with the fountain near the harbour of that town, and quite independent of the newly-imported legend of Saint Michael. Various springs in Greece and Italy are called Dragoneria; there is a cave-fountain Dragonara on Malta, and another of the same name near Cape Misenum—all are sources of apposite lore. The water-drac. . . .

So the dragon has grown into a subterranean monster, who peers up from his dark abode wherever he can—out of fountains or caverns whence fountains issue. It stands to reason that he is sleepless; all dragons are “sleepless”; their eyes are eternally open, for the luminous sparkle of living waters never waxes dim. And bold adventurers may well be devoured by dragons when they fall into these watery rents, never to appear again.

Furthermore, since gold and other treasures dear to mankind lie hidden in the stony bowels of the earth and are hard to attain, the jealous dragon has been accredited with their guardianship—hence the plutonic element in his nature. The dragon, whose “ever-open eye” protected the garden of the Hesperides, was the *Son of Earth*. The earth or cave-dragon. . . . Calabria has some of these dragons’ caves: you can read about them in the *Campania Sotteranea* of G. Sanchez.

In volcanic regions there are fissures in the rocks exhaling pestiferous emanations; these are the *spiracula*, the breathing-holes, of the dragon within. The dragon-legends of Naples and Mondragone are probably of this origin,

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and so is that of the Roman Campagna (1660) where the dragon-killer died from the effects of this poisonous breath. Sometimes the confined monster issues in a destructive lava-torrent—Bellerophon and the Chimæra. The fire-dragon. . . . Or floods of water suddenly stream down from the hills and fountains are released. It is the hungry dragon, rushing from his den in search of prey; the river-dragon. . . . He rages among the mountains with such swiftness and impetuosity that wings must be his portion; yes, he can cleave the heavens in the guise of lightning, or descend upon the fertile fields as a ruinous thunder-storm; the cloud-dragon. . . . Or again, he remains permanently overhead, a flaming meteor in the firmament; this is the *draco volans* of the schoolmen.

In all his protean manifestations, he represents the envious and devastating principle; the spleenful wrath of untamed (untameable) telluric forces. Everything strong and spiteful has conspired to produce our conception of the dragon. No wonder mankind, impotent, offers sacrifices to propitiate his rage. These tributary offerings are the dragon's due—the toll exacted from the weak by the strong in all mundane affairs. They are paid until the dragon-killer appears, that rare mortal who puts an end to his depredations. For the real dragon must be exterminated; he cannot be mollified by kindness; nobody ever heard of a domesticated dragon; compromise is out of the question. Only the victim of Saint George allowed himself to be led like a "meke beast" into the city. But that was the mediæval dragon, of whom anything can be expected.

He ultimately received a concrete form from that innate craving on the part of humanity to give a poetic or pictorial image to its hopes and fears. This derivative dragon is winged or unwinged; fiery or cold, crested or smooth; of manifold hue; four-footed, two-footed, serpentine or vermiform. Such relative variety of structure is seen in all imaginings that spring up independently in different regions of the globe, and are yet due to a common belief, or cause. Why he assimilated so much of the reptilian physiognomy

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and frame-work? Well, seeing that he had to approximate his shape to some type of beast familiar to mankind, what better general model could have been found? The reptile's glassy eye; its earthward-creeping and cleft-loving habits; its blood, that recalls that chill temperature of stones and water; its hostile pose; its ferocious tenacity of life and scaly covering, as of metals? Memories of extinct reptilian monsters may have helped to colour the picture; as well as that hatred of the serpent-tribe which has haunted us ever since our own arboreal days.

A pre-historic idea like this, interpretative of such diverse natural phenomena, cannot but absorb into itself all kinds of extraneous material, ridiculous and sublime. Like some avalanche rolling downhill, the dragon gathers momentum on his journey athwart the ages, and is swollen in size both by kindred beliefs that have lain in his path, and by quite incongruous accretions. This is chiefly the poet's work; though the theologians have added one or two embellishing touches. But in whatever shape he appears, whether his eyes have borrowed a more baleful fire from heathen basilisks, or traits of moral evil are instilled into his pernicious physique by amalgamation with the apocalyptic Beast, he remains the vindictive enemy of man and his ordered ways. Of late—like the Saurian tribe in general—he has somewhat degenerated. So in modern Greece, by that process of stultified anthropomorphism which results from grafting Christianity upon an alien mythopoesis, he dons human attributes, talking and acting as a man (H. F. Tozer). And here, in Calabria, he lingers in children's fables, as "sdrago," a mockery of his former self.

To follow up his wondrous metamorphoses through mediævalism would be a pastime worthy of some leisured dilettante. How many noble shapes acquired a tinge of absurdity in the Middle Ages! Switzerland alone, with its mystery of untrodden crevices, used to be crammed with dragons—particularly the calcareous (cavernous) province of Rhaetia. Secondary dragons; for the good monks saw to it that no reminiscences of the autochthonous beast survived. Modern scholars have devoted much learning to the local Tazzelwurm and Bergstutz. But dragons of our familiar kind were already well known to the chroniclers

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from whom old Cysat extracted his twenty-fifth chapter (wherein, by the way, you will learn something of Calabrian dragons); then came J. J. Wagner (1680); then Scheuchzer, prince of dragon-finders, who informs us that *multorum draconum historia mendax*.

But it is rather a far cry from Calabria to the asthmatic Scheuchzer, wiping the perspiration off his brow as he clambers among the Alps to record truthful dragon-yarns and untruthful barometrical observations; or to China, dragon-land *par excellence**; or even to our own Heralds' College, where these and other beasts have sought a refuge from prying professors under such queer disguises that their own mothers would hardly recognise them.

* In Chinese mythology the telluric element has remained untarnished. The dragon is an earth-god, who controls the rain and thunder-clouds.

Crime and Punishment

By the Editor

RESPECT of the law is perhaps the guiding principle in our English life, for the Law is, *ex hypothesi*, the civic expression of Justice, and thus the polity of our Government. Like the Apostolic Church, its vulnerability is its inspiration; it exists, and no man may touch it, partly because of its inaccessibility, but chiefly because it has become so infibulated in the public conscience that it stands for the central idea of civilisation, and the idea is stronger than the ideal. By its very nature, it is inelastic, working rigidly by code and precedent; whereas humanity is essentially expansive or, as we prefer to call it, progressive. We advance, or think we advance—the Code and the Law stand still. As we acquire knowledge, we come to think differently about things and their solutions; we take a larger, a more humane, view, but the institutions remain the same institutions, as the Law remains the same Law, until, at last, there comes a time when men and their codes are at such variance that something has to be done, as we have seen recently in the case of the Theatre shackled by an absurd Princely ordinance, the survival of a bygone age.

That is, of course, how the Law has grown, step by step, concession by concession, through civilisation. In the process of revaluation of the values that goes on continuously, we have learnt to study and appraise the causal connexion of things; we have acquired moderation, the scientific attitude which has led us to the idea of remedy in lieu of the mediæval idea of punishment, so much so that to-day we reserve the capital sentence for wilful murder only, instead of hanging the man who stole a sheep, or breaking the bones of a fellow on the rack to make the punishment consonant with the crime. To-day we have gone a step further. If we have agreed to abolish torture of the body, we are now thinking of mitigating torture of the mind, and not so much

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for the severity of the punishment as for any positive value that it may possess. Cervantes wrote Don Quixotte in gaol and probably no one at the time saw any reason why he shouldn't be there; but now we no longer put debtors in prison: our wider justice has grown with the definition of crime and the understanding of its causation.

Criminologists, sociologists, physiologists, now mostly agree that imprisonment, as a punishment in modern conditions, not only fails remedially, but actually serves as an incentive to crime, so that the saying "once in prison, always in prison," is an accepted truism with both the law and the authorities. And the reason is that the moral conscience has grown, that the shame attaching to prison deprives a man subsequently of his means of livelihood. It is well. Yet imprisonment goes on just the same—three months for that half-imbecile, two years for this incurable, five years for the other, and the first offender becomes a second offender and the army of gaol-birds multiplies, and the Law dispenses its sentences, like a machine, and the whole administration of justice continues to revolve in a vicious circle condemned by nearly all men who have considered it.

Since the days of Oscar Wilde's sentence public opinion has progressed considerably. Imprisonment certainly did no good to him, except to break him. But the Law remains the same; a crime against the Statute Book must be punished according to the Law, no matter who the man is, no matter whether the effects of prison upon a highly intellectual system be not more appalling and disastrous than the swift certainty of the rope. And indeed that is the anomaly of our punitive system. The Law is a wooden instrument, a machine without a mind. We now know, for example, that nearly all felonies by women are committed under the physical stress of irresponsibility—yet women offenders are punished as if they were entirely responsible. The condition of the prisoner cannot be taken into account; it is not the Law's business. Two-thirds of our criminals are semi-lunatics, weak, depraved, ill-balanced people—the product of hereditary taint (drink, disease, etc.), environment, poverty, in short, of the social evils of society; having

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no sort of resemblance with the criminal "gentry" of fiction and the stage. Yet the Law condemns by the book. It has not to reason, to sympathise, to remedy—its office is punishment. Officiating in our midst, it is, philosophically viewed, the negation of negation; for the accumulative effect of punishment is criminality, as per contra a law which failed to punish would forfeit its own justification.

The anomalies, as we now see them, of the Law, are to-day little short of comic, which is perhaps the reason why our modern Law Courts are so much more facetious than our Musical Comedies.

Take capital punishment, as civilisation admits it, and what can a murderer want more! Death is a painful affair to ninety-nine out of any hundred law-abiding citizens; but Crippen died instantaneously and, but for the involuntary quitting of this world, without so much as an agony. So far as punishment is concerned, it is better to die in the electric chair or on the rope than to receive twenty lashes with the "cat," a penalty which a man may get unexpectedly—mark you!—according to the law if he is found guilty of having accepted money from a prostitute. Go to a police court and see the half-witted creatures sentenced hour by hour, any day and all day, and think what possible benefit such people can derive from a punishment which serves but to degrade them! Or take the case of Mr. Frank Harris, committed for "contempt of court," and consider, humanly speaking, what the effects of the "lock-up," with all its paltry red-tape restrictions and regulations, must be upon him! "Serve him right!"—possibly. But is that the object of justice? Is punition or the prevention of evil the end of enlightened humanity? Again, think of the anomaly of Mr. Frank Harris sent to prison for a minor offence, while Sir Edward Carson, in open rebellion against the King and State, calmly stirs up internecine warfare under the guise of political opinion, and himself a lawyer of the highest repute! A leading light of the Bar deliberately inciting a command of a hundred thousand men to High Treason against the land! And another lawyer, Mr. F. E. Smith, complacently supporting him! Is this Justice? Is this the equity of Law which is reckoned to be common sense? It is difficult to think so. Of the two, Mr. Harris's

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offence is infinitely the less reprehensible. If not, then Perkin Warbeck was a very badly treated conspirator.

Mr. Tom Mann now was sent to prison—Mr. Larkin was let out. Why is this? Why is the incidence of Justice so accidental? But consider a concrete case of imprisonment upon a man of refinement and culture, the case of Mr. Frank Harris. In a general sense, the notion of sending a man of his calibre to gaol strikes one as comic; the thing is a joke, for no matter how much we may deplore the nature of the offence for which he was committed, the idea of locking up a mind such as his—and Mr. Frank Harris is certainly one of our great living writers and personalities—is incongruous and fantastic. Incongruous, because we have got beyond the pound of flesh morality to-day; fantastic, because punishment by gaol imposes mental torture of the acutest kind upon a man of culture, of which the sole effect is degradation.

The mostly unhappy people we call artists, that wonderful thing we term genius, so near to madness, so akin to childhood, yet withal divine—upon such subjects, upon such matter—and “lovers and madmen have a seething brain”—prison can only be an insult. Useless in the higher interests of society, vile and corroding to the individual. It might be thought that our civilisation could devise some other way of protecting itself, of punishing its erring intellects; that there should be a finer discrimination in its assessment of punishment and crime, even some humanity. To imprison a man of genius is like locking up a child, and in neither case does the offender understand it. In the old robustious days, prison carried with it no sense of shame, certainly involved no social and economic disabilities. But to-day it is otherwise. Owing to the more enlightened spirit of the times, there is no longer any vanity in prison; it is a sordid and demoralising humiliation, not even a deterrent. Our perceptions of right and wrong have grown, and, in this, society is far in advance of the Law. When civilisation claps Mr. Frank Harris in prison, it makes itself ridiculous, while the only effect it has upon him is to corrupt and misuse his humanity.

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After all, you cannot punish the mind or the "seething" brain, if by club methods you may constrict them. And if it is useless to imprison people of weak minds, the uneducated, the irreclaimable, how far more useless is it to imprison those who, as often as not, indirectly, it may be, are all the time moulding and reclaiming us! Many crimes are committed in the name of Liberty, we know, as, in the Ecclesiastical days, they were committed in the name of Divinity. We may admit that genius is a strange prodigal, at war with itself and its surroundings, inconsequent, an uncomfortable fellow in our midst, but that is no justification for degrading it. Society, of course, has to protect itself; there must be laws and, alas! in certain cases, penalties. But, in any case, prison is no good, any more than the thumb-screw was upon Galileo. "It moves." And in time we move, even the Law and its accessories, and we receive a little lesson in humility.

And it is obvious that precedent, upon which the Law rests, is opposed to justice which, if it is to have any philosophical meaning at all, moves forward with the spirit of man. We no longer think it right to invest the Church with power to burn a man for heresy, for instance, though so long as the Church was in possession of that power, death at the stake was law, and it was considered "good law." The Law and Justice are not necessarily synonymous terms; indeed, except in rare cases, where the Law, which is the instrument, has been reformed and brought up to the exact point where Justice and the idea of the time are entirely and indissolubly harmonious, the instrument is invariably behind the idea and, in many cases, even opposed to it. For the Law to be abreast with the march of Justice, not only would constant reforms be necessary, but the principle itself of precedent would largely have to be abolished. And it is in this discrepancy—between Justice and its instrument—that the trouble lies. For as the Law is actuarial, so are lawyers, by the nature of their office, conservators. They are concerned with the idea, not with the ideal, of Justice; they are upholders, perpetuators, not creators who alone are the immortals.

The difficulties of bringing about any reforms in our

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Law are, as we know, unconscionable; for the whole government of England has been built up on the basis of precedent, and no power in the land is greater than the uniformed, but uneducated, policeman. A change in the Law requires an Act of Parliament, and a Parliamentary Act lies at the mercy of the majority—it becomes a question for the politicians. We see that in the public demand for reform of our Ecclesiastical Divorce Laws, a demand which enlightened opinion supports, and the Law itself is known to sympathise with. And there the matter stands. And there the matter will stand until the politicians are driven by public opinion—or constituency pressure—to bring in a Bill, though most of the advanced thought of the time, so far as it has ventured to be articulate, has denounced the survival of this anomaly, and the immorality of it is everywhere apparent.

Justice itself is vague enough a term and, in truth, passion often does place for it. In reality, there is no such thing as Justice, which in idea is as elusive as the absolute truth and, like finality, inconceivable. We can only try to apportion and dispense merit and punishment, like Solomon who was a wise man. At any rate, he did not act by the Statute Book. The question he had to deal with over the baby and the litigious mothers was essentially human, and he dealt with it in what we would fain claim as the modern spirit, the spirit, that is, of intelligent discrimination. And suppose, now, Mr. Frank Harris had come up for judgment before Solomon and Solomon had read his books and knew the manner of man he was who stood in the dock, it is possible that Solomon might have spoken something like this:—

“Mr. Harris, you have been found guilty of vulgarity and a technical offence which I consider to be unworthy of you. But I cannot imagine that imprisonment will help society to forgive you, or help you to find your peace in this modern and vulgar world, where art and intellect are so poorly valued, and mediocrity rides in motor-cars—a condition as utterly repugnant to your intelligence, as it is to my understanding. I therefore consider that to put you under lock and key would be an insult to the modern spirit

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and to that debt of intellectual sympathy which many of us owe to you. All the same, I must punish you, for such is my duty. I therefore decree that it be publicly stated in the Press that you have been found guilty of a vulgarity—and there to leave it. Prisoner, it is not for a man of my humbler intellect to address you on the subject of morals. Courtesy costs nothing. Try, dear Sir, to remember it. I want you to feel that we, outside, are sorry that a man like you have done that which causes us shame. Lastly, I will ask you to remember that I am here not to chastise you, for if you cannot see wherein you have offended, no power of man can make you, but to help you, for only by so doing can we help one another. And now, Mr. Harris, that this unpleasant business is over, I should like you to give me your opinion of this French translation I have received of *The Merchant of Venice*, beginning with the words—‘the quality of mercy is not strained.’”

And there would be no laughter in Court, rather a feeling of relief that a man had spoken, like a man. Is such an administration of the Law inconceivable? I hope not. I believe that the time will come when Justice, as we now dispense it by the book, will be regarded as a relic of the barbarous ages which gave the right of an “eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,” and men slew in the interests of salvation. Already, much of that we have relegated to the delightful toy-box of the Noah’s Ark. Opinion is far ahead of its application. Thus we have come to understand why the sins of our fathers are visited upon us, and that many of the sins committed are the irresponsible results of social evils for which all of us are morally responsible. We are beginning to realise that punishment alone is not sufficient; that wrong-doers are the victims of the system in which they are raised, rather than malefactors whom any punishment can correct; that if the Law is to be even relatively just and sane, social conditions also must be taken into account, and so the instrument adapted to its purpose.

I am not thinking of humanitarianism or of any “sloppy” sentimental legislation: we have quite enough of that. It is the scientific insight into causes and effects that we need to-day in our administration of the Law; the

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right to treat men pathologically—to correct intelligently. The vindictive philosophy of our fathers is out of date, because we now know that it is useless. We have only to think of our cruel bastardy laws—to remember that a child born out of wedlock can, by law, never, even by marriage, become legitimate—to see how curiously reactionary and unsuitable the Law is in this one respect in our modern life, and how greatly we are in need of change. For one thing, we have too many lawyers in our politics, and too much politics in our Law. It would be a salutary beginning if we could pass through an Act of Parliament to keep the one purified from the other.

“A Midsummer Night’s Dream”

THE Savoy, under the direction of Mr. Granville Barker, is now, without question, the most intellectual theatre in London, and his latest Shakespearian production is probably the best thing he has achieved. The play is so beautiful, the old English fun so good, the performance so intelligent, and the atmosphere, drawn partly from the Greek, partly from the Russo-Jewish orientalism of the Tsar’s Ballet, is so fresh in the welter of our jaded theatrical commercialism, that an evening spent there has a tonic influence, nor would I for worlds “stand upon points” about it. They say that Shakespeare had a poor technique, but the technique displayed at the Savoy is miraculous, and even the lovers wend their way in and off the stage as cleverly as the doors in a Pinero play shut and open with that irritating precision which seems to promise the “situation.”

I enjoyed the fairies, every one of them; their golden faces, their Egyptian posturising, their Bacchic playfulness, their mortal dancing, their “exhibitionism,” as it were, revelling under the oak tree, and, in many ways, chiefly because they did not speak, they were the most articulate people on the stage. For the play, of course, is a fantasy, the subject for Ballet. Imagine the Russians treating the affair! What scope for pirouettes! What a chance for Fokine, and the scene painter! And Njinski, as Puck, bounding through the air! And that Russian *corps de ballet*, those tip-toe fairies of the dance—what a time they would have of it! And Karsavina, and the music, perhaps even Stravinsky with a new style of onomatopoeics! Some day, of course, they will do it. But they haven’t come down to Shakespeare yet, and, until they do, this thing of Mr. Granville Barker must be held sufficient.

The fun is, of course, historic, and it has never been rendered better. In this spate of hempen humour, our stage is at its best. Altogether a brave piece of acting, droll, whimsical, robustious, and not overdone, and the

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Bottom of Mr. Nigel Playfair is brave fooling. It is a bit of old England, this full sly clownery, and the strange thing is that its interpolation in a play of such exquisite poetic fancy should neither offend nor astonish. The maypole dance music of Mr. Sharp is enough. The play within the play turns out to be "eminently successful." All this goes like a jig. And there being no "Beerbohm-ic" deletions, or delirations, we get the whole play as it was written.

And Puck—Ah! Puck, we know, is the Devil. He is worse than Ophelia, whom the actresses will strive to impersonate to the invariable disappointment of their admirers. Now with Granville Barker's Puck, I feel a dissonance. Not that his Puck was not elfish—he was; or sprightly, or mobile, or demoniac, for all these attributes he represented astonishingly enough, and besides, he was an eerie-looking fellow not unlike the figures of the gnomes that we see depicted on Scandinavian beer-jugs. Perhaps that was it. For if Bottom is "bully," Puck is "gentle"—Oberon himself so calls him—and by gentle I understand Romantic. But this Puck was not romantic. He was a fidget, a fliberty-gibbet, a "kipper" of a sprite, lacking in its essential quality of *boniment*.

Impressions are often deceitful things to pass judgment upon, yet I can never forget the performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, at the Hofburg Theatre in Vienna, where Puck was played by a woman. Not a young woman either, Frau v. Hohenstaufen (I think), who was considered to be the best Puck on the continent. And instead of being restless, and screeching and grimacing, like this Puck of the Savoy, she was dignity and grace itself: winsome, debonair, and featly gentle, as I would fain believe that Shakespeare fashioned him. She was a lover's Puck *à la bonheur*—in a word, she was sex. Now Mr. Granville Barker's Puck was asexual. At times he resembled an Aztec, and again he might be a harlequin, and then he would screech like the actor-witch in *Macbeth*, and anon he shaped like a dancing master. There was no charm in the man, and the reason was that his performance was so palpably intellectual, whereas that of the Austrian lady was so naturally and imperturbably sexual.

No, Puck must be a woman. I have to say that. You

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

cannot asexualise poetry on the stage. No matter how we imagine him in our minds, on show Puck must be feminine, luring us as a light-o'-love. So much is our right. The very curves and lines of a woman are elliptic, and then there is the voice—the whisper, the throat tones and modulations and just that bedevilment of eye and lustre that a pretty woman has, and that is entirely natural to her. Your male cannot render that. His gait is too sure, his inflexions are too rude, the animal is altogether too big for Robin, who, for sure, was no Pantomime hobgoblin.

See, at the end, how gentle, how sweet he is, wishing us good-night, asking for our hands! No message, that, of a male. This *envoi* of the Elizabethan stage, found invariably in the Spanish drama, is full of fantasy. Why does Puck of the Savoy make it so jerky, so "stagey" an affair, to end stridently on a falsetto? Puck, at the last, has put off his illusion, he is one of us again, the conscience, as it were, of the House. At Vienna, these last words formed one of the most beautiful moments in the play. The curtain falls on Oberon's speech, and then, peering through its folds, the smiling face of Puck emerges, and he recites the little *envoi* with a cunning charm. It is the night-cap of the times, nothing more, outside the play, and should be so delivered. For a conceit should be a conceit, and that is why it is well for the curtain to fall upon the scene, and that Puck should be known to us as a Lover.

S. O.

Books

EDUCATIONAL

PROCEEDINGS OF THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE REFORM OF
LATIN TEACHING, AND REPORT OF THE THIRD SUMMER
SCHOOL. 1913. Roffey and Clark. 1s.

Of all things, the most conservative is education; the fact is inevitable when we reflect that teachers have no opportunity of finding anything else to teach than what they themselves have just been taught, nor of employing any other method than was employed upon them. This volume then may come as something of a shock to those who have left school and settled down with fixed opinions as to how things were done there and the assumption that they will always be the same. It means in effect that many teachers have thrown overboard the traditional method of teaching the most traditional subject in our traditional system of education. They propose, practically, to teach Latin as a Modern Language, and base the teaching of it scientifically on the spoken word. Indeed, they offer a present realisation of Mr. H. G. Wells' prophesy in the January number of *THE ENGLISH REVIEW*: "He" (the "Modern State" man) "learnt Greek and Latin as well as he had learnt German, Spanish, and French, so that he wrote and spoke them freely and used them with an unconscious ease in his study of the foundation civilisations of the European system to which they were the key." Of course, such a reform can only be made in spite of much prejudice from the influential, but conventional pedagogue, and the scantiness of the money devoted to it.

Governments have promised much; Governments have done little; they can't afford it; educational reform can never be made a party cry till the results of it have been achieved, and the electorate educated. Public opinion must be awakened. Meanwhile, reformers have to overcome, single-handed, many obstacles, and this volume is highly refreshing, as showing that they are acting, and acting with determination. It is clear from perusal of it that the new methods of teaching Latin are not merely tricks for acquiring that language in record time, but involve principles of reform that apply to the whole of our National education. It is the existence of a movement of this nature that gives hope of our educational system

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eventually doing what it ought, namely, training a rational race of citizens.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

THE FUTURE OF THE THEATRE. By JOHN PALMER. Bell.
2s. 6d. net.

THE COMEDY OF MANNERS. By JOHN PALMER. Bell.
10s. 6d. net.

In these clever disquisitions on Restoration comedy and the modern theatre, the brilliant dramatic critic of *The Saturday Review* has riddled the prejudices and moral density of the British middle-classes. Although Mr. Palmer, in his Introduction to *The Future of the Theatre*, declares: "This is an essay in the optative mood. I have decided simply to see what I could wish to see," the little volume is inspired by his profound realisation that with us it is the audience that is wanting; as for the Drama, it is there, waiting to be acted. It is by the lamentable deficiency, in catholicity of taste and æsthetic sensitiveness, of the British audience that the theatre is to-day at the mercy of cliques and factions:—

If we are ready to welcome our next great dramatist when he comes, it is our first necessity to dissolve all the little groups and cliques which invariably show themselves blind and deaf to any but a shibboleth appeal. . . . The present impulse is to reject all work that cannot be conspicuously labelled. . . . The truly parochial character of our theatrical production and criticism is never so clearly shown as when a stranger arrives in our midst who is neither bound to a particular group nor committed to a private creed. . . . For proof of this we need to go no further back than to the reception accorded to the plays of Tchekhoff and Strindberg within the last few years. . . . Mr. Shaw and the naturalists in the days of their prosperity continue their critical methods of a date when the "new" drama was fighting an uphill game. . . . At present, however, this spirit of clique and absolute belief in the saving grace of a formula to which their spirit has given so monstrous a birth are more mischievous than salutary (pp 122-3).

Parochialism! Mr. Palmer has said the word. On the one side are the hordes of philistine playgoers, marshalled by "the able captains of the industry," actor-managers and fashionable playwrights; on the other, the fighting phalanx, commanded by Messrs. Shaw and Granville Barker. But in vain do we look for any neutral camp, any broad-minded school where the Drama is accepted and enjoyed simply as an art. Ever since the Elizabethan stage (which, whatever may be said *pro* or *con*, was a national institution) disappeared, the British stage has been the battlefield between the representatives of two publics: (a) the lax, philistine public that seeks "fun" and spec-

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tacular entertainment, (b) the serious-minded public that desires improvement, "moral elevation," &c. But the attitude of both of these publics is parochial, without sense of tradition, knowledge of the classics of drama, or æsthetic impartiality. Let us take Congreve's fate, for example. Though Mr. Palmer very ingeniously, in defending Wycherley against the famous strictures of Jeremy Collier and Lord Macaulay, argues that it is that dramatist's "moral fury" and "fundamental puritanism" that disgusts us in certain passages, none the less, Wycherley was the chief exponent of "the man about town" school of drama, whose lineal descendants to-day are our fast musical comedies. Congreve's reputation was made by a brilliant imitation of Wycherley in *The Old Batchelor*. But when he came into his kingdom with the astonishingly witty *The Double Dealer*, and his masterpiece *The Way of the World*, the public grew cold. Now, neither of the above-mentioned pieces could possibly offend any cultivated man of catholic sympathies and fine taste, but both these masterpieces have been placed *hors de combat* as a result of the tasteless, stupid scrimmage between the moral reformers and our pleasure-hunting philistine audiences. Only a barbarous race—æsthetically barbarous, that is—could placidly banish these masterpieces, which rival Molière. Whatever may be said for Wycherley, and we agree with Mr. Palmer that Macaulay deliberately played down to Victorian prejudice and grossly overstated his case, that writer did our drama a bad turn when he published the banns betwixt British animality and French wit. The coarse and gross Englishman, then and ever since, turned to France to spice his relish for indelicacy, and we are a little surprised that Mr. Palmer, who argues so brilliantly against "the naturalistic formula" of Mr. Barker and our modern "intellectual school," does not emphasise also that Restoration comedy was quite alien to the temperament of the English nation. As history shows us, it laid the stage fatally open to the attacks of the reforming moralists, the Queen Anne high churchmen, and the pious agencies for the reformation of manners, which, as Mr. Thomas Secombe tells us, "did much to restrict the popularity of the theatre" and sterilise it as an art from that day to this. Unfortunately for the Drama, the moral codes of two generations clashed violently about 1700, and a little later the decree of separation between Literature and the Theatre, coupled with Walpole's fatal State censorship,

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placed it at the mercy of a professional, worldly clique. Mr. Palmer brings out well his points that the "comedy of manners fell between two stools": with Vanbrugh it "accepted old conventions and continued an exhausted vein," and with Farquhar "it superimposed an emotional and romantic treatment of sex" on a parent stem that was hostile to this spirit. We could wish that Mr. Palmer's limits had allowed him to treat of the brief renaissance of English comedy in Goldsmith and Sheridan seventy years later, but perhaps he will deal with this in a volume to come. In any case, we are profoundly grateful for the wise and brilliant things with which *The Future of the Theatre* is stuffed, a book that is indispensable to all lovers of the theatre.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE. By H. L. MENCKEN. (Boston: Luce and Co.) \$1.50.

We do not know whether all things in this world are capable of progress, for as Nietzsche himself said, "Progress is only a modern idea, and therefore a wrong one." But that Nietzsche's philosophy has made great progress of late among all classes and throughout the whole world, there can be no doubt. In Germany the hundred thousandth copy of *Thus Spake Zarathustra* was sold a few weeks ago—a fact which gave Dr. Richard Oehler, Nietzsche's cousin, occasion for a most interesting sketch of this book's publication and subsequent history in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. In England, according to information which has come to hand, Nietzsche is selling at the rate of five hundred copies a month, exclusive of America. In China, missionaries are complaining that, along with Christianity, that arch-enemy of Christianity, Friedrich Nietzsche, is making his triumphal entry into the world's newest Republic. Now Japan is joining the movement. At Nietzschean headquarters in London a letter was received the other day from a Japanese student, asking for permission to translate the monograph on Nietzsche by Mr. Ludovici, one of the ablest of our Nietzschean scholars in England. The letter, which is dated November 20th, 1913, contains the following statement:—"Thus Spake Zarathustra was translated into our language by Chōkō Ikuta a few years ago. *Ecce Homo*, it is reported, will appear before long. The other day a pretty long monograph on Nietzsche, written by Tetsuro Watsuji, was published. Since last year, a number of students of the

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Literary Department of Waseda University have been studying the works of Nietzsche under Dr. Kaneko, the head of this department, and I was one of the students. The above facts may tell you how the study of the German poet-philosopher is going on in this far Eastern land now, and will prove that his noble thoughts are not lost for the reading public of Japan."

And now from America, that melting-pot of the globe, the country which one would think least likely to be affected by Nietzschean thought, Mr. H. L. Mencken's *The Philosophy of Nietzsche*, in its third edition, is sent us for review. A book on philosophy in America—in its third edition! We can scarcely believe our eyes! But then it should be remembered that Nietzsche, as well as his exponent, Mr. Mencken, must not be ranked among those idealistic fog-purveyors who until recently called themselves philosophers. Mr. Mencken's book had to break the ice in America for Nietzsche five years ago, and from the fact that it did break the ice, we may gather that it is in every way a lucid and arresting book. Almost immediately after its appearance it had the honour—an honour which does not befall every American work on ethics, æsthetics, or philosophy—of a special English edition, published, if we remember rightly, by Fisher Unwin. Now it has come to us again in a revised form, with the whole of the section on Nietzsche's intellectual origin rewritten, and with the section on his critics carefully revised and completed. In addition, the middle portion of the book has been thoroughly remodelled, and a final chapter on the study of Nietzsche, far more extensive than the original bibliographical note, has been added. This last chapter, "How to Study Nietzsche," is very valuable, for Nietzsche's writings run into eighteen volumes in the English version; and in spite of the excellent index to this edition recently published, a plan of reading and a trustworthy guide through this vast and fruitful garden are really indispensable. Mr. Mencken's chapter on "Women and Marriage" is delightful reading, and really proves that the author, guided, of course, by Nietzsche's thought, has de-Americanised himself to such an extent that even a European can enjoy his psychological observations on the weaker sex, untinged as they are by the usual American defects, the sentimentality of youth and the optimism of inexperience.

As a matter of fact, the book is one of the best ever

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written on Nietzsche, and might be recommended to the Japanese for translation. By the passage of the Pacific Ocean the steady onward journey of Nietzschean thought around the world would be completed, and we should see the fulfilment of one of the proudest prophecies uttered by the man who among the professors and schoolmasters of old-maidish Germany could find no hearing: "I know my fate; I shall conquer the world!"

MODERNITIES. By HORACE B. SAMUEL. Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.

In a pleasant volume of essays, Mr. Samuel passes some caustic judgments and gives a very fair estimate of some of the people who, in the modern world of letters, seem to count. Why the book is called "Modernities" one fails to understand, unless at the bidding of the publisher, for what Strindberg has to do with Marie Corelli, or Heine with "Futurism," or Stendhal with the anarchic Semitic licence of Wedekind, is not apparent, nor does Mr. Samuel explain; but there they are and, on the whole, fairly well "presented." The volume hardly aims at being much more, and the best thing in it is the essay on Marie Corelli, where Mr. Samuel lets himself go. Mr. Samuel has literary courage and a distinct sense of criticism. If he has told us nothing new about Strindberg or Wedekind or Disraeli or Heine, he has drawn some intelligent and sympathetic pictures, so much so, that we rather recommend this book as a "first aid," as it were, to the digestion of the originals. On "Futurism," Mr. Samuel is evidently "at home," and what he writes of the movement is worth serious attention.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS. By R. CATON WOODVILLE. Eveleigh Nash. 10s. 6d. net.

Brisk and lively, these memoirs—as befits a man of action. And full of good stories, military, diplomatic, and otherwise. We are always on the move, in Spain and Egypt and India and Morocco; and always in good company, for the author, apart from his rare artistic talents, is evidently a convivial creature, a sportsman, and good comrade. There is rather much about Royalty in these pages—their exquisite tactfulness and condescending pleasantries; but this, after all, only proves Mr. Woodville to be what he would have us think him: a typical

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Englishman. We all love kings and queens, though we may not all be ready to subscribe to our author's opinion that Queen Victoria possessed a "very amazing knowledge of painting and art."

For our own part, we should have preferred to hear a little more about Mr. Woodville's ideas on his own profession—we should have liked to be allowed to follow more minutely the steps of his career.

But for an odd mention here and there, one would hardly realise that these are the reminiscences of a man whose name is a household word. For the same reason, it seems a pity that one or two of his contributions to the *Illustrated London News* were not included among the illustrations. They would have reminded us of the "R. Caton Woodville" we know so well—that wonderful draughtsman who has given pleasure to hundreds of thousands of his fellow-creatures.

REMINISCENCES OF MY LIFE. By HENRY HOLIDAY.
Heinemann. 16s. net.

And here are the reminiscences of another artist, Mr. Holiday, gathered up in a sumptuous volume. He, too, has moved about the world, and collected his experiences in many lands—perhaps not so abruptly as Mr. Woodville, but with equal strenuousness. His outlook is tinged with pre-Raphael idealism; his sympathies are wide—for music and politics and feminism and dress-reform; there is something of the cheerful world-improver in his constitution. This accounts for his socialistic tendencies, for his friendship with gaseous creatures like Mr. Gladstone and Edward Bellamy and Mrs. Pankhurst: in short, for that *composite note* which characterises many of our cultured English craftsmen.

Art, to them, is not a jealous mistress; hardly mistress at all. She is an indulgent companion who will amiably close an eye and permit a few little wayside flirtations to her lover—enthusiasms for quite other ideals, and for the joys of good society in general. This is not the way to create masterpieces. But it is the way to live a sane and happy life. While the artistic output of such a man will inevitably suffer by this dissipation of energies, his tone acquires a humanity fuller than that accorded to the true slaves of art. And his memoirs, of course, will appeal to a larger section of the populace.

There is much of wisdom in these pages, and a fund

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of anecdote. Mr. Holiday cannot endure the "brainless hooliganism" of the Futurists; again and again he laments our deficiency of the aesthetic sense, our deplorable lack of elevating taste. As well he may! We have bothered our heads too much about Morality and Mammon. We have forgotten that such a thing as beauty exists.

POETRY

APHRODITE AND OTHER POEMS. By JOHN HELSTON.
Heinemann. 6s. net.

It will be remembered that Mr. John Helston was "discovered" by THE ENGLISH REVIEW, which had the courage to publish his long poem called "Aphrodite at Leatherhead." The policy of THE ENGLISH REVIEW, to make every effort to discover new talent, is very fortunate for unknown writers. Mistakes must be made at times, but when the real man comes along, he has his chance to be heard. There are two or three of our leading papers that are careful not to approach any new author, especially if he has the least sensation about his life. But when that author is not silenced by their neglect, and has five or six books to his account, they begin to notice him in this way: "This is Mr. T's sixth book of verse. The freshness and charm are as great as ever, and he has now taken his place among the first poets of his generation, etc." The present writer, who was considerably disappointed that a certain powerful paper kept on throwing his books into the waste-paper basket, without one word of comment, was astonished to find his fifth book noticed after this fashion: "We have often had cause to mention the extraordinary qualities in this man's work, etc., etc." Although there is room for one or two careful journals of that kind, which wait until a man has followed up his first success by five or six more, it is certainly lucky for a new writer that other papers are not the same.

That THE ENGLISH REVIEW made no mistake in introducing Mr. John Helston to the public is apparent to anyone who reads a few lines like these from "Lonicera," the first poem in the book, in which "The Man" speaks to "The Woman":—

And since it is that hate
But languishes on foods that feed contempt,
Hate left no heir within my heart, but dust;
Not good to fight on; albeit I fought. Success
(I rose in spite of, not because of, you)
Had dust and ashes on it when it came

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Almost every page has some striking image or passage that could be quoted to prove that Mr. Helston is a real poet :—

To lovely latitudes where morning moves
In orient twilight putting out the stars.

Or this :—

echoes light as those perchance the deep
Hears only from the footsteps of the moon.

And :—

How the downs dream through long grey distances—
Their very combs are full of sleep.

Or :—

Giant knapweeds nod their slaggy welcome.

The best and most perfect poem in the book is "Aphrodite." It is the most sustained, and never once fails in music. And although Mr. Helston is a working-man poet, he is much greater in a poem like "Aphrodite" than in those dealing with social subjects, such as "Labour Unrest" or "Red England." It seems to us that the author, being called a working-man poet, has written the latter poems as a duty. They are too violent and appear to be forced. But on reading "Aphrodite" we feel certain that he was doing a work of love. However, the revolutionary lines on Shelley are sincere and very fine.

Although every precaution is taken, the Proprietors will not be responsible for the loss or damage of the manuscripts that may be sent in for consideration; nor can they undertake to return manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

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Choses à la Mode

BY

MADAME SIMONE A. PUGET.

Madame Puget is in direct touch with the leaders and creators of Parisian fashion: her indications, therefore, may be accepted as the *earliest* and most authoritative pronouncement of what will be *le dernier cri de la mode* in the coming season. The supplements are written in Paris and illustrated from actual models; they are not, therefore, mere repetition of what is already known to the creators of London fashions.

What is Fashion going to be during spring?

It is a solemn point, when a new season begins, to know what arabesque the feminine silhouette is going to draw—and to guess its evolution during a few next weeks—before it moults again.

We are now in the full period of gropings and endeavours; winter not yet over, and spring's arrival but an expectancy. All what I am going to tell is rather premature and quite indiscreet, as *couturiers* anxiously try to hide their new creations.

Whatever may fashion be, a large amount of people will be heard sighing that "nowadays mad are the women."

It is the law. Every *nouveauté* arouses sarcasms and stimulates indignation. But Fashion is not made for old ladies, neither for lean women nor for obese ones. Those who create fashion compose it for a feminine type which varies according to dates, but which is always normal and mean—that is, young, and well-proportioned, indefinitely adaptable.

It does not signify that too fat or too thin women, or older women cannot fit up indications and suggestions from Fashion. But they have to try selections with a patient care. In our esthetic times costume must be of good use to correct "Dame Nature's" mistakes.

Those who wish to lengthen their short legs will run their best chance with old, renovated bolero; others who have the contrary desire will wear large belts as low as possible; hips which consider themselves too slender may put on a Persian vest with a pucked *basque*; too generous a bust will conceal by large oriental sleeves. Fashion has never proved such eclectism.

—"But the ideal coming silhouette?" . . .

Without doubt the new ideal silhouette of the ideal woman will appear thickened at the waist and overcharged behind.

We must not wonder. Since long Fashion was preparing such a broken line. The first attempt to enlarge the silhouette was done three years ago by the Russian blouse, wide above and beneath the waist. Since then one made hopeless efforts to squeeze waists again towards some wasp-effect.

But waist's slenderness is considered a sign of beauty no more.

We shall forget next month that such a word as *cambrure* has ever existed. Waists will be hidden by plaits and folds coming from behind. The belt will get purely an adornment—it will be worn rather wide, tightening no more, neither fastening, but simply laid around the dress. The famous line will be still lower behind, every frill and trimming ascending in front, emphasising nice *ventre en avant*, celebrated, discussed, and universally adopted.

Tailor-made vests will look like smock frocks—well-cut and smart coloured ones, but exactly sacks. Martingals are never to be seen again. Coats' necks will stand rigid and keep away from the back of the neck; they will look like fine shells behind the napes.

Stuffs will be pucked around the neck; the plaits, lengthening along the back, will disappear under the skirt's tucking. For every skirt will be tucked with draperies and *volants*, and the only difference between our mothers' skirts in 1875, and our next summer skirts, will consist in the actual suppleness of the mass of plaits and frills, while former lumps were but rigid *poufs*.



Next month the Parisian silhouette will appear, a sort of orchid with the thin stem of her legs, and both the strange bumps of her neck and hips.

To obtain the fashionable ampleness, one gathers round the waist the whole of the tissue's breadth. It lays plaits and all kinds of organ-pipes-like effects, which are supported below by a bow or maintained on the lining.

Flounces—*volants*—will play next season a prevailing part; it can be considered a production of crinoline. For influence of crinoline is obvious—but it has become shy and tiny, and it has taken its

position up the hips; skirts will remain below supple and thin from knees to heels.

We shall see *volants* wide from top getting narrow to bottom, and others set spirally around the hips. A still more precise crinoline effect will be played by muslin or *taffetas volants* widened by some rigid purfling, and by superpositions of *basques*.

It is obvious that what is called "*costume tailleur*" typifies our days. Our contemporaries who want to be equal with men dress themselves in a virile style. The actual narrow skirt looks like broad trousers.

Since the ladies' admittance in restaurants and liberal professions, the tailor-costume, short, close-fitting, and comfortable, is willingly adopted.

But although they wish to become virile, they remain women, and they could not follow the masculine strict fashion, which varies little. Some fancy brought light details; first, one tried some new sorts of buttons; then bright silk seams came to enliven too severe a uniformity; gradually the whole principle altered.

When not strictly sportive, the *tailleur* went through a queer evolution. One has interpreted womanly different kinds of masculine costumes. Students, sailors, hunters, soldiers lent their collars, their frogs, their coats. We have got the Breton peasant short embroidered vest, succeeding to an imitation of the Scotch national costume. In forthcoming spring the tailor-dress will be mostly suggested by masculine fashions of olden times.

We shall see romantic *redingotes* with velvet collars, virile Jacobins' and Girondists' jackets, dandies' frockcoats from about 1830. Footit's dress won't astonish more than did Calabrian pointed hats and fur waistcoats. We are ready for any reconstitution.

At the last fashionable coursing one of the prettiest Parisians looked exactly like a young boy cut out of Callot's eighteenth-century prints. I shall describe her costume, which is—with slight differences—the up-to-date uniform of Paris elegant young women.

Her dress was in black cloth, composed of a close-fitting bolero with a wide short *basque*. She wore a white muslin blouse, with a starched overturned collar. A broad white tie, stiff and starched itself, was folded in some grandfather's style. High, stiff wristbands showed beyond the cloth sleeve, half-long and rather loose.

The new hats are rather different from those we have seen in winter. Hair being dressed higher, bind the bottom of hats to be elevated. Foreheads and temples allow themselves to be seen again.

With the hair done into the shape of a helmet, straightening the nape, we will see hats which turn up at the back.

Even toques, very fashionable at present, show the temples through two or three curled locks called *tanguettes*.

It has become vulgar to wear *accroche-cœur*, or whiskers, since every *midinette* has got her own—true or adjusted. The plainest way to do one's hair is to divide it in two parts. The fore part is flattened on the forehead, and what is left is pulled backward and rolled along the back head. The fore part is then draped back on the *chignon*, and fixed with a large tortoiseshell pin.

Hats are getting rather small. Most of them are made of straw mixed with some tissue; for instance, a straw brim hemmed with satin, or a silk *calotte* edged with straw. Of course, there will

be hats wholly composed of straw, but the newest are in watered silk lined with Italian straw, or in velvet and rice-straw. There is a certain width of silk-straw, which may be spread as a tissue. A large amount of hats are made of ribbons, broad or small, pucked, frilled, or flat, trimmed with checkered *taffetas*, or slopes of checkered straw.



As a rule, colours will remain dark: black and cypress-green, raven-blue, negar-head, and a new beatroot-tint—plainly purple-red. Mane hair and weaved hemp, corn-coloured, are sure to be successful.

The trimmings depend on the hat's purpose. One anticipates a renovated success of artificial flowers and fruits which were quite *démodés* since several seasons. But, as a fact, every year we are told of this discounted success, and as soon as real flowers blow in our gardens, fictitious ones forsake our hats.

Actually a queer blossoming sprang up: roses of *taffetas*, velvet apples, lemons and oranges of plaid silk, nacre foliage, china nose-gays, and garlands of worked crum.

I have seen series of charming little hats where very small wings were disposed in crown around the *calotte*. Others are trimmed with the same little wings bristling in all directions. From a short distance they look like May nests rustling with the weak shocks of irresolute wings unacquainted with flying. Since they are prohibited in America, some *fantaisies* try to supply aigrettes; there is a fashionable *frifri*, which is alike short bits



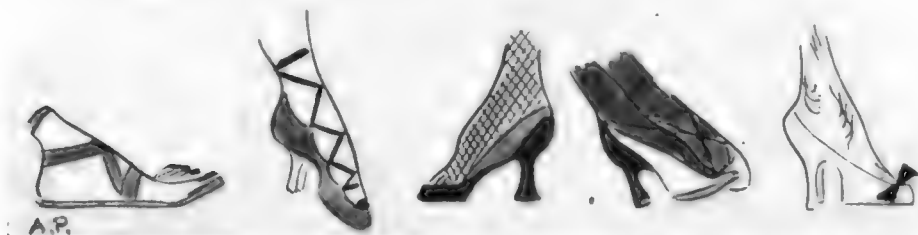
of paradise-bird. Ostrich feathers are little in use except as tufts, worn one in front of the hat and another behind. Amazon feathers are discredited, and so are the long plumes called "Prince of Wales."

For morning shopping there are some *chic* little hats pricked with one high plume of eagle, of pelican or argus—which have to stand ridiculously high; same for golden-pheasant plumes edged with heron, very smart to wear with tailor costumes.

And what remains, that may still be chosen for next spring's hats garniture? They say naturalised butterflies will prove successful, and exotic fruits and even vegetables.

There are a few innovations in hosiery—so great a refinement has never existed in shoes and boots, although coquettes have always been very careful about the shape of their foot and how to dress it. Eva in Paradise has most likely rubbed her big toe until it would shine. Nowadays we have got the comfortable *henné* for this purpose.

A beautiful lady with red hair, famous therefore, and, by the big green combs which adorn it, let populations commodiously verify the fact since some weeks. She goes in the evening with bare feet in sandals. Although she has not yet imitators, it is obvious that modern taste is actually attracted by sandals and buskins. Even afternoon boots proceed more or less from their shape. They are laced very loose, and leather or stuff only re-covers the back of the ankle and of the leg. Shoes colour match that of the dress



or that of a detail on the costume. One sees very many dark blue short shoes and dark brown or dark green ones made of unburnished kid-leather. After they have been fastened during winter by complicated games of crossed ribbons, they are closed now by a single *barette*, rather broad, and set at the ankle's base. It has to paste on the instep, and it is shut on the outward side of the shoe by a buckle, a small bow, or a plain button. The vamp is so short that one sees the toes through the translucent stocking. The same shape is to be worn in the evening, but instead of leather one uses luxurious brocades of gold or silver with applications of black velvet flowers; sometimes the buskin is made of a sumptuous silk studded with gems.

One does not see as much velvet as one used to; satin is preferred—and later on we shall see *taffetas* uncovered shoes. In the evening, buckles look rather old-fashioned; it is smart to fasten the shoe with fine *anciens* buttons. I must mention a delicate *nouveauté* of the season: that is, the lovely new slippers to wear at home—almost all of them are edged with soft furs—grey satin with otter, orange plush with black fur. Just line a plain black velvet slipper with some white rabbit, and let the fur hem it on the instep. You will get the cheapest and the most attractive fairy's slipper.

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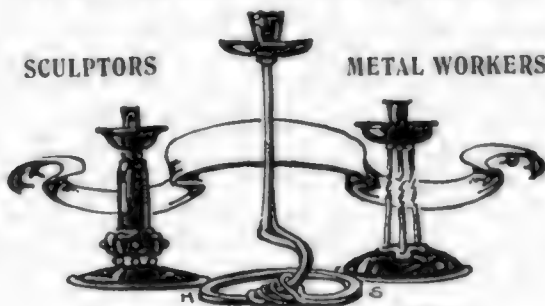
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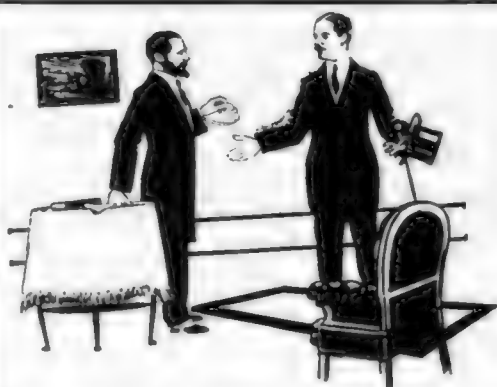
THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

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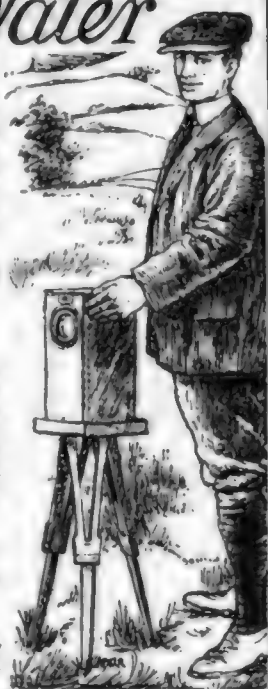
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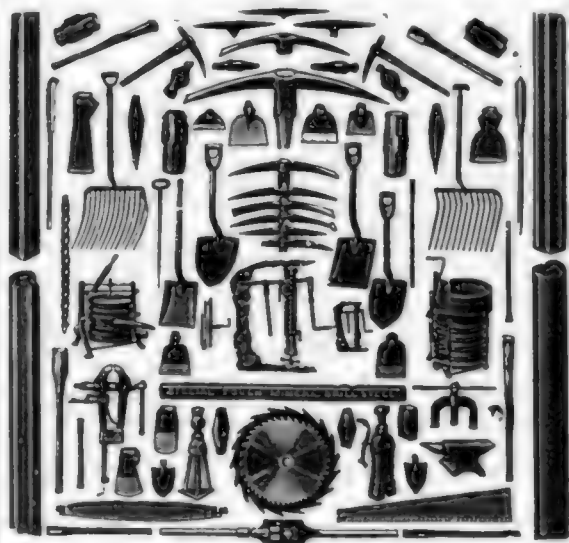
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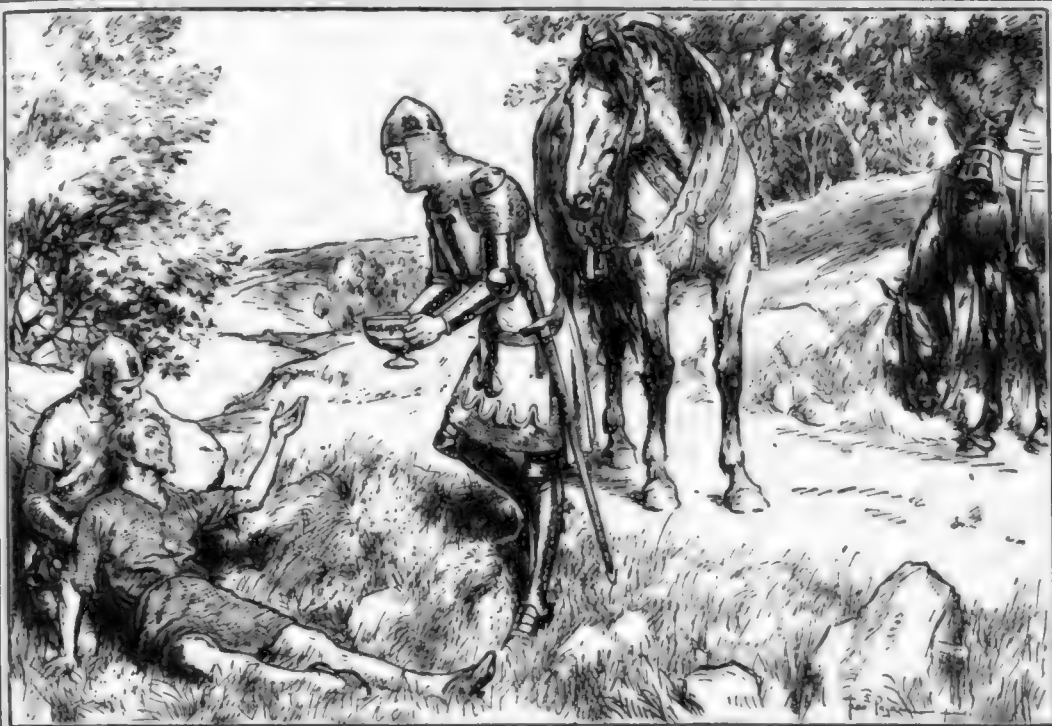
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¶ Just now this firm are busy carrying out all manner of new ideas. For evening dress they specialise in bright *broché* and vivid-coloured satin dresses, which, although displaying the latest draperies and sash effects, retain that long, slender silhouette so becoming to the majority of women. In place of elaborate and heavy garniture, which adds so enormously to the expense of modern gowns, this firm are adopting the latest Parisian novelty of embroidering net tunics and corsage draperies in *diamanté*, while they achieve some lovely effects by the *appliqué* of gold or silver lace on to bright net backgrounds, using the same for *panniers* and draperies. For matrons' wear, white or champagne-coloured lace is *appliqué*d on to fine black or brown net, while a novel form of trimming consists of *diamanté* chains suspended over one arm, and arranged so that they look as if upholding the fragile skirt draperies.

A New Type of Flower

¶ For evening wear, some quite new artificial flowers have made their appearance. These are roses or poppies made of fine black and white tulle, the petals rimmed in light *diamanté*, the centres of *diamanté*, while here and there *diamanté* dewdrops adorn the flowers and foliage. The effect is both dainty and delicate, reminding one of those wonderful jewelled flowers made of diamonds set on fine platinum mesh, which took Paris by storm some years

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Washing Foulard ¶ Another new fabric that is certain to come in for a great deal of attention is a beautiful and quite inexpensive washing foulard. This is made with a white or a coloured background, covered with a design of shaded pompadour roses scattered singly all over the surface in a riot of colour that gives a very bright and simple effect. Unlike most washing materials, this fabric has a wonderfully bright and glossy appearance, and it looks particularly well carried out in a deep, dull shade of old rose covered with light blue and buff-coloured roses of tiny proportions. Used in the form of a tunic over the same coloured *rose du Barri charmeuse*, or as a trimming for a blue or a white gown, the decorative value of the new material cannot be over-estimated, while the same fabric, showing a white background with pink rose-buds, is admirably suited to making charming and delightful summer or garden-party frocks.

A New Sports Scarf ¶ *Apropos* of the present vogue for *crêpes* and *crêpons*, mention must be made of some delightful new sports scarves which have just been put upon the market to tempt the Easter holiday-makers, and those sportswomen who feel the need of a scarf for wearing with the no-collar blouses and golf coats of to-day. Made of the finest pure silk *crêpon*, and finished off with deep-fringed ends, the new scarves are carried out in vivid shades of colour. Indeed, so decorative and novel are they that many women are wearing them with dark-coloured tailor-made costumes as well as with country and sporting attire.

New Ideas for House Decoration ¶ With the question of spring cleaning and household renovations occupying everyone's thoughts, the utmost interest centres round the new designs in chintzes and cretonnes, curtains, wall papers, &c., the new designs in which are just beginning to make an early appearance in the best London shops. This season these have undergone a startling change for the better, and in the new designs one notes the preponderance of bright-hued colour schemes allied to soft grey backgrounds, which are so much more restful to live with than the staring whites and the intense blacks of yesterday.

Shakespeare Chintz & Cretonnes ¶ The sensation in loose cover and curtain fabrics is the beautiful new Shakespeare cretonne which is a triumph of originality and artistic skill. For here, in a riot of colour, beautifully blended and designed with consummate taste, is a massed effect made up of every flower mentioned in Shakespeare's plays, each being printed in natural colouring. As a relief to the gorgeous floral effect are introduced small views of Shakespeare's house and the old Globe Theatre, printed in shadowy grey against a broken black background. Unless one sees this fabric, it is impossible to convey any idea of its decorative value and its extreme beauty. Indeed, so cleverly is the design treated, that it lends itself to the furnishing of large and small rooms alike, the pattern being so arranged that there is no waste even in cutting loose furniture covers, while the brilliant effect of massed flowers and the clever introduction of broken patches of black throwing the shadowy grey landscapes into tapestry-like relief makes the fabric ideal for window curtains and other draperies. The firm

who are responsible for the sale of the new Shakespeare cretonne are issuing an interesting booklet dealing with the same, which they will send post free to all who apply for the same. This shows a colour-printed reproduction of the chintz with a numbered key to each blossom—the numbers corresponding with a series of quotations from the poet's works that at once identifies not only the play, but the act and scene in which mention of each particular flower can be found.

**Ready-made
Decorative
Schemes**

¶ At the same shop one finds the first specimen of the new gold and silvered patterned cretonnes set against blue, red, gold, and other coloured backgrounds. These are excessively rich and luxurious-looking, and are admirable for use in a big drawing-room or lounge hall, while for those who are seeking a new and inexpensive scheme of decoration for a town or a country house, special attention is directed to some marvellously effective and extraordinarily cheap ready-made velvet curtains of particularly rich texture. These hang exceedingly well, and each curtain is trimmed with a delightful silk tapestry border that looks as if it were worked by hand. For loose covers for use with these curtains there is a quite cheap printed linen cretonne with a remarkably distinctive all-over design, the colouring of which sustains and carries out the same colour schemes as the curtains and the tapestry border suggests, so providing an unity of decoration which may be inexpensively and successfully carried out without expert advice. This scheme of decoration has been so carefully thought out by a designer of note that, in spite of the small expense it entails, it can be highly recommended to all who are contemplating furnishing or the redecoration of their houses.

**What the
Newest
Wall
Papers are
Like**

¶ The new season's wall papers have also made their appearance this week, and it is interesting to note the predominance of lovely old Jacobean embroidery and colour schemes reproduced in the newest designs. Indeed, many are actual copies of old Jacobean needlework of historic value. Canvas papers are likewise extremely popular, the manufacturers having successfully achieved a wonderfully natural appearance in the strained line so often noticeable when real canvas is used for wall covering. Silver *moiré* paper is another innovation for covering drawing-room walls that show up well against blue hangings; while in cheap lines of wall paper special attention is directed to some very effective and beautiful American papers of good design, and to an irresistible "floral" pattern representing a smother of pink and grey roses and country garden flowers, that gives an indescribably soft yet very brilliant and cheerful effect particularly adapted to a north room or one with very little light.

**Where
to Find
New Ideas
in Furnish-
ing**

¶ The new Futurist influence in house decorating is a force to be reckoned with. To be really successful, however, this must be toned down and modified until it is shorn of any freakish or *outré* extravagances. The best example of this new style of decoration is to be seen in a model flat in a shop in London. Here one can glean all manner of new ideas, such as the effect of the new hand-painted Chinese frieze used in conjunction with panelled walls, a novel use of grey furniture which will captivate many people;

while a bedroom decorated with white paper arranged in panels made by the use of an orange and grey border, orange linen curtains printed with a bold grey floral design, and edged with grey velvet, teems with new ideas, and demonstrates at what a small cost really distinctive effects in house decoration may be achieved.

A New Type of Turkey Carpet

¶ There is no doubt that the one-colour carpets of yesterday will have to give place to the new soft-coloured and beautifully patterned fancy Turkey carpets. These carpets are works of art, for they combine that mellow beauty and softness of colour which hitherto have only been found in ancient Persian floor coverings of great antiquity, and which can only be procured at great expense. Now that the secret of lovely subdued effects has been discovered, the new "Turkey" is carrying all before it, for there is no mistaking the hard wearing quality and its general utility and decorative value.

How to Choose a Carpet

¶ The difficulty of selecting carpets and realising the beauty of new designs and colour effects which has up to now proved a serious drawback to a great many country customers and those who dwell abroad, and consequently cannot see the actual patterns, has also been minimised of late. For one of the best-known firms of carpet designers has just issued (in place of a confusing bound-up catalogue) a delightful series of single colour plates of convenient size which are creating a *furore* in the furnishing world to-day. These will be sent free on application, and are of the utmost value to intending purchasers, as by their aid one gets a really vivid impression not only of the nature of the carpet, but of the scheme of colour and the beauty of the various designs. On each plate is a comprehensive and detailed description of the carpet and the various varieties of colouring in which it is procurable.

Teaching of Modern Languages

¶ It has been left to individual enterprise to supply this teaching—probably one of the greatest necessities of modern life—and for many years foreign travel was the only form that enterprise could take.

Now, however, the Berlitz system brings foreign speech and the foreign atmosphere to our door and saves us the trouble and expense of travel.

The Berlitz method may be described as a "system within a system." Taking as a basis the idea that one can best learn a new language as one learned one's native tongue, by hearing it spoken, Mr. Berlitz elaborated his now-famous system, by which, when you learn French, you speak French and nothing but French, and you hear French and nothing but French. In addition to that root idea—which, it is needless to remark, has been extensively copied—the Berlitz School uses a definite system in its work. Not only do you talk to a native of the country whose language you wish to learn, but to a teacher trained in the Berlitz method of teaching by conversation.

This system, which has been in use since 1878, has reached the highest state of efficiency, and its success may be gathered from the fact that there are now over 308 Berlitz Schools, with an aggregate of close on 100,000 pupils.

A frequent change of masters is provided in all languages, both in private lessons and in class lessons, so that the language becomes familiar in every probable voice and style of delivery.

The principal establishment of the Berlitz School is at 321 Oxford Street, London, whence all particulars may be had.

An Automatic Water-Finder

¶ Dwellers in country houses, as well as agriculturists on a large scale, will be interested to hear of a new patent automatic water-finder, which is creating great interest at the present moment. This is a simple, portable apparatus by means of which any unskilled person may readily ascertain where water exists and where boring operations are desirable. The firm who supply this apparatus, which is by no means costly, work for local land-owners as well as County Councils, railway companies, and other big corporations, and do all the necessary work of boring, &c. What is perhaps most satisfactory, especially from the country householder's point of view, is that in all cases where their own staff use the water-finder, the company are prepared to bore on the principle of "No water, no pay."

Matters of Purely Feminine Interest

¶ Reverting to matters of purely feminine interest, one has to record the discovery of a new and very delicious perfume that has taken London by storm and become the craze of the present season. The charm of this scent lies in its sweet, natural, and lasting odour, for, being distilled wholly from natural blossoms, it really does convey the delicate aroma of the flowers from which it is culled, and has none of the artificial "heady" scent usually associated with modern perfumes. What is even more important is that this delicate scent never grows stale, but retains its natural sweetness until the odour completely fades away.

Toilet Powder de Luxe

¶ Another item of interest is a new and delightfully fine face powder, so carefully prepared that it not only gives a velvet-like bloom to the complexion, but absolutely prevents any fear of the skin becoming coarsened and thickened by daily use. The secret of the popularity of this particular powder lies in the fact that it is so fine and so carefully prepared that it spreads itself smoothly and evenly over the skin, imparting that delicate, youthful bloom that makes the perfect complexion. Indeed, using it, it is impossible to get that "dried up," sallow appearance that characterises so many skins, while it can be relied upon never to clog the pores or to produce a blotchy effect. Delicately perfumed, this powder is obtainable in different shades to match both florid and pale complexions, and it is certainly one of the most delightful adjuncts of the toilet table of to-day, being recommended by several beauty doctors of note who confess that more than half the wrinkles and blotchy complexions of modern times are due to the universal use of coarse, clogging, and badly prepared face powder.

To Whiten the Teeth

¶ Another toilet preparation to which special attention is directed is a valuable tooth paste that is not only a particular germ killer that absolutely prevents decay, but which, by constant use, whitens the teeth in the most marvellous fashion, yet is free from any gritty substance that may injure the enamel.

How to Look Well in Cold Weather

¶ Yet another toilet requisite that proves invaluable at this season of the year, when searching winds and sudden snaps of cold weather do so much to destroy the velvet softness of a good complexion, is a wonderful non-greasy face cream that can be applied either at night-time or during the day, as it never produces

that oily appearance that makes it impossible to apply the usual creams when going out in the wind or the cold. This particular cream may be rubbed into the skin (by which it is absorbed), and acts as a preventive against roughness and redness even when the complexion is exposed to the most severe climatic conditions. Instead of making the skin shiny, it imparts a soft velvet-like surface, and acts in such a way that it preserves the natural pink and white of a delicate and youthful complexion.

A New Type of Jewellery

¶ The coming season will mark the advent of a new type of artistic jewellery very superior in workmanship and design to anything that has been seen hitherto. The new jewellery will appeal to all classes, for the beautiful designs in which it is represented can be carried out in silver as well as gold settings, and, if liked, moon-stones, chrysoprase, and other inexpensive though beautiful stones, may be substituted in place of expensive pearls and diamonds. The jewellery in question is designed and made by a well-known band of artist craftsmen who are responsible for some of the most beautiful examples of the jeweller's art of to-day.

Names and addresses of shops where any article mentioned above can be obtained, will be sent upon receipt of a post card addressed to MARY MARSH, "The English Review," 17-21, Tavistock Street, W.C.

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The Most Useful Wrap of the Spring Season

The New Coat

At the present moment nothing is attracting more attention than "The New Coat," introduced by Messrs. Peter Robinson, which, without doubt, supplies the sartorial sensation of the early Spring Season. This shows the latest and most artistic development of the modern tailor's skill, and supplies such a long-felt want that it appeals to town and country wearers alike.

Bright Coloured Velvets for Spring Wear

Made in bright coloured fabrics that range from rich Corduroy Velvets, Suède Velours, plain surfaced Velveteens, ripple Blanketing, soft Duvetyn, and the new Moiré Silks, to say nothing of those ultra *chic* Shepherds' Plaids, carried out in various tones of black and white, in brown and white, and other fancy mixtures, the new coats are procurable in such a variety of designs that they have at once jumped into popular favour.

The Ideal Wrap for all occasions

From a practical as well as an artistic point of view this new fashion has so much to recommend it that it is small wonder that its success is assured. Indeed, the new coat is the ideal wrap for all occasions. Made in Suède Velour or Blanketing it will be found a delightful adjunct to sporting attire; while fashioned in the soft, bright coloured Velvets or Corduroys it is just the thing for slipping over a visiting gown, or one of those little luncheon frocks that are worn by every other woman one meets, but which, with their semi-transparent bodices and their flimsy draperies, are far too fragile looking for street wear, without some kind of covering.

A Practical and Attractive Model

Perhaps the most practical and attractive model, from the ordinary woman's point of view, is the one illustrated on this page. Carried out in various shades of rich Corduroy Velvet and finished off with an artistic collar of a contrasting shade, this makes quite one of the smartest coats for present wear; while the fact that it costs but 52/6 is an additional recommendation. Cut and made by expert tailors, this coat demonstrates all the new characteristics of the most up-to-date fashions. For instance, special note should be made of the becoming new semi-three-quarter length, of the slendering effect of the low set tunic belt which partly covers the smart pockets; while the only attempt at trimming is the large fancy buttons that match the shade of velvet used for the collar. Carried out in a warm shade of fawn colour with a deeper "Tango Yellow" collar, or made in pure white relieved by a black velvet collar, this model is particularly attractive. It also looks well in a soft shade of grey, in emerald green with a white collar and white buttons, or in any of the new Rose du Barrie colourings.



A Coat for Country Wear

Cheaper still, yet most effective for country wear, is another variety of the same style of coat made in ripple blanket cloth, which costs only 25/-. This model can be highly recommended on account of its smart cut, its becoming shaped back, and the care with which it is tailored. Other varieties are also to be had; full particulars, sketches and patterns being sent to all who apply for the same to **Messrs. PETER ROBINSON Ltd., OXFORD STREET, LONDON.**

MARY MARSH

Brinsmead

PLAYER - PIANOS



The delight of music is ever fresh. Music that needs no arduous practice, no tense concentration, none of the strain of reading, none of the fatigue of finger exercise, is the most delightful of recreations.

Better far than listening to any pianist is to produce the music yourself. For you can always satisfy your own ideals, always suit your rendering to the mood of the moment.

The Brinsmead Player-Piano yields itself to your will, so that you can play all the music there is—from Handel to

Sidney Jones—to the satisfaction or the most exacting critic and—what is far more important—to your own.

A perfect mechanism wedded to an instrument of long-accepted excellence both for tone and durability, the Brinsmead Player-Piano will last for a lifetime. The mechanism is practically indestructible and the Brinsmead piano, like good wine, or an old Italian violin, grows mellower with age.

Write for our book, "Musical Taste and the Player-Piano," which will be sent, together with catalogue, free by post on receipt of application to Dept. M.

Payment by Instalments can be arranged.

JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS, LTD., 18-22, WIGMORE ST., LONDON, W.

Player Pianos :

What to Buy and How to Use Them.

"The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world,"
and

The feet that pedal the Player rule the home.

"The Church is in ruins, the State is in jars,
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars,
We dare na weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame—
There'll never be peace till 'Player' comes hame."

So might Burns have written had he lived in the days of Player Pianos. He couldn't play a note of music, and yet his soul was the very essence of music; the expression that he would have obtained by the rendition of some of the old Scotch melodies may well be imagined. Music has been the source of many a poetical inspiration, and the future may lay at the door of the Player Piano the creation of many embryo poets, not the "I was seated one day at the organ" sort of genius, but the natural songster, free from all pedantic twist of speech and hidden meaning.

Many persons have inquired why a literary Review should publish quasi-musical Supplements. The average literary man is, I think, generally as unmusical as a Motor-'bus Conductor. The writer seeking inspiration paces his den or rambles afar. Could he not with the aid of a Player Piano obtain far greater ideas for his work in the rendition of the great masterpieces of music? Wagner has shown what is possible in the way of Music Drama, but who has ever sought to frame a literary masterpiece out of the great works of Mozart, Beethoven, or Chopin? Hitherto the musicians have drawn upon the realms of literature; inversely, let the author tap the wells of music for his themes. Let Masfield give us a poem inspired by Mendelssohn's Hebrides Overture, and Arnold Bennett a novel written around the efforts of a Five Towns tradesman to become an expert musician with the aid of a Player Piano.

The great art of advertising is to create on the part of the public a new want—the desire to possess something that they might do without, and yet are the happier for possessing.

With a few exceptions, and one firm in particular, the makers

have been singularly unhappy in advertising Player Pianos—they do not sufficiently interest the non-musical public that these instruments are worthy of acquisition as providers of amusement, quite apart from their educational value, little effort being made to convince the musical public they are not mechanical “organ grinders” or glorified musical-boxes. It requires a Selfridge to sell white flannel trousers in February, and Player Piano makers should enlist the services of a “Callisthenes” to educate the public that Player Pianos are as necessary to a complete life as books and papers.

The finest testimony of the value of a Player Piano was related to me at the Club last evening; after being somewhat unmercifully chaffed at my enthusiasm for “foot music,” a well-known Clubite chipped in: “Never mind, old man, you did me the best turn of my life when you persuaded me to give my old mother—who, incidentally, is seventy-four to-day—a Player Piano. . . . For hours on end she amuses herself by playing melodies dear to her from childhood—melodies that bring back recollections of happy days gone by. I tell you, old chap, *it is good to see her*. . . . Before she had the Player Piano the hours hung heavily towards evening; tired of reading, she became listless and fidgety; but now the days are full of contentment and pleasure. . . . In her younger days she was a brilliant pianist, but age has stiffened her finger joints, and she is quite unable to play by hand.”

I felt very proud to think that I had been the means of introducing a new source of pleasure to the mother of one of my friends, more especially as the lady is a musician, which adds to the value of her appreciation.

I indicated at the conclusion of the last Supplement that I would suggest several novel uses to which Player Pianos could be put; here they are—just a few to go on with:—

(1) To be substituted in small restaurants for the existing mis-named orchestras, or jangling bands.

(2) To be adopted by kinema houses in place of the usual tub-thumping pianists.

(3) Placed in golf and other club houses for utilisation by members on wet days.

(4) One at least in every hospital for the use of doctors and nurses during rest hours.

(5) In every music-room of the principal liners.

(6) In suites of rooms at the leading hotels in place of the ornamental and unused piano.

(7) As wedding presents.

In choosing a Player Piano, it is highly important that every care should be taken as regards the Piano itself. The Player mechanism may be perfect, but if the Piano is “hard” and un-



An Enjoyable "At-home"

The Pianola Piano robs the "At-home" of its formality, for music is a common bond between all cultured people and an ever fruitful subject of conversation.

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OUR illustration shows a "Bijou" Player Grand Piano—the smallest of its kind manufactured—measuring only 5 ft. 4 ins. in length, and embodying in the simplest form and at a moderate price all the up-to-date features of the most expensive instruments. Full scale, 88 notes—constructed to take full compass 88-note Music Rolls of all makes.

It is equipped with a Solo device for singling out the Melody notes over and above the accompaniment, and an Auto-tracking Music Guide. The pedalling is of the easiest; it is susceptible to the slightest movement of the feet, and the simplicity of its manipulation renders it possible for the merest amateur to obtain effects—human in their result—with a minimum of labour.

Before purchasing an expensive *Upright* Player Piano, it is well worth your while to investigate the merits of a *Grand*, at equal cost.

There is always much more satisfaction to be obtained from a *Grand* in any form, and it is, in a Drawing-room, surely more decorative.

This particular model, to be appreciated, should be seen, heard, and played. May we demonstrate it to you?

THE CHASE & BAKER COMPANY, LTD.
45-7, Wigmore Street, LONDON, W.

Telephone: No. 525 Mayfair.



stable, then the fault is generally attributed, not to the Player, but to the Piano. Purchasing a simple Piano, one sets out for an instrument of an accepted maker whose reputation is sufficient guarantee as to its durability and tone-quality; so *proceed in the choice of a Player Piano.*

The house of Brinsmead needs no recommendation; its established reputation ensures the value of its Player Pianos, and the tradition of the house overcomes the majority of objections to Player Pianos. Unlike many other instruments on the market, the presence of the playing mechanism does not in the slightest degree affect either the tone or touch of the instrument when used as an ordinary Piano.

The Brinsmead Player Pianos are delightfully responsive to individual tastes and extremely easy to manipulate. I do not say they are more simple than other makes, but that, personally, I believe to be a point distinctly in their favour. Extreme simplicity leads to mechanical results, and the real beauty of personal interpretation is consequently lost. The Brinsmead Players require just that simple effort that makes the rendition a thing of beauty instead of a "barrel organ" tintinnabulation.

The newest type of Brinsmead Player Piano has the distinctive feature that the Player action is in every part, where metal can be used, made of metal. By a simple device the important mechanical parts are protected from dust (the arch-fiend of pneumatic mechanism), with a consequent saving of expense in adjustments and repairs that often irritate the owners of Player Pianos.

The Brinsmead Player Pianos are made in two separate forms, viz. : (a) The aluminium action, which is indestructible, and withstands climatic and atmospherical changes better than the ordinary wood action. This player contains all the necessary expression devices, one being of the greatest importance, namely, the tracking corrector, which automatically obviates the playing of wrong notes, even on the worst fitting music-roll.

(b) The wood, or "Mignon," action, constructed to meet a popular demand; the manufacture throughout is of the finest material, and contains all the expression devices of the aluminium Player referred to above.

The necessity and value of an aluminium action may not at first be apparent, but it becomes obvious when one considers that a Player Piano is used more in a week than an ordinary Piano in a year. Hard usage is the rule and not the exception, and although the initial cost is more, the saving in repairs and length of life outweighs the extra cost paid for an aluminium action.

The conscientious selection of materials is a guarantee that each instrument is as perfect as human hands can make it.

The Brinsmead workers are hereditary craftsmen who take a just pride in their work; this fact alone—and in these days of

machine-turned instruments—should weigh strongly with those who are wise enough to prefer the hand-made article.

It is impossible in a mere written description of any Player Piano to do it justice. *It must be heard.* I cannot impress this too strongly upon my readers. Prejudices, however strong, disappear when good Player Pianos are heard.

The Brinsmead Pianos have been built up on the suggestions of great composers and executive artists—an incorporation of the ideas of some of the greatest musicians with the master craftsmanship of the Brinsmead workmen.

A man or woman without a hobby is akin to a garden without flowers. What better hobby for the Spring, Summer, or Autumn of life than a Player Piano? One must have music, from the gutter boy with his "marf" organ to the owner of a private band.

Don't waste your time and irritate your neighbours by picking out the notes of "The Maiden's Prayer"—get a Player Piano and play the great works of Bach, Mozart, Chopin, and Wagner.

The masterpieces of fiction live, and are read year in and year out. You would not care to admit never having read, say, Dickens' "Oliver Twist" or Scott's "Waverley," yet are not ashamed to admit your inability to play anything of Wagner. Your literary education is considered complete with a fair knowledge of the world's classics; how much more essential is a knowledge of music? Player Pianos are as necessary to the complement of an education as spectacles to a short-sighted person.

The April Supplement will deal with the Player Pianos of Messrs. Strohmeier and Sons, and the new "Technola" of the Orchestrelle Company.

F. G. D.

The writer (who is in no way connected with any makers) of these Supplements will be pleased to answer any inquiries respecting piano-players, and to give selections of music specially suitable for use therewith. He will also advise as to the choice of a player piano, no charge of any kind being made for advice or for information supplied.

All inquiries should be addressed to the Manager, THE ENGLISH REVIEW, 17-21 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

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to obtain a good start in life. Then you must be prepared not only to give him a first-class education, but to provide him with the necessary funds to take up a profitable profession or business. These can be secured most easily by a Policy of Life Assurance. Have you seen the Scheme of Children's Deferred Assurance? It provides a cash sum on the attainment of the age of 21, with many valuable guaranteed options in lieu of cash payment. It guarantees exceptionally large Surrender Values, and the return of all premiums in the event of the child's death. It provides for an assurance at the age of 21 at a trifling cost. This Policy is issued by the LAW UNION & ROCK INSURANCE CO., LTD. Founded over a century ago the Company's accumulated funds now amount to nearly Ten Million Pounds Sterling. Its premiums are low, and it has a unique Bonus paying record. Write for a Prospectus and full particulars to its Head Office:—

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